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PRIVATE INTERESTS AND WORLD ISSUES

THE battle for coal is heading to a dangerous climax. The determination of vested interests to maintain their privileged position has constantly delayed production and hampered strategy. But the public has scarcely yet realised that in this case it also menaces the unity and possibly even the continued existence of the present Government. Most shocking of all is the knowledge that after all these years, in which the nation has frequently been promised control over its own sources of power, we should still be allowing these vested interests to hold us up to ransom at this moment of the greatest national need. We talk of the threat to civilisation; we never forget that our airmen, our soldiers and sailors are every day dying to secure our freedom; we are terribly conscious that on the Russian battlefield the greatest and probably one of the few really decisive battles in history is being fought. At this moment, instead of having a Minister for Power and Transport, whose plans for the best and most equitable distribution of coal would be merely an item in the nation's central strategic plan of victory, we have a petty squabble about the degree of control the nation should exercise over its mines and the amount of rationing that the members of the 1922 Committee think they may be willing to accept.

Dr. Dalton, on behalf of the Government, truthfully declared that full rationing was a matter of urgency, which could not safely be delayed beyond June 1st. Not one argument has been advanced to shake the soundness of the Beveridge-Dalton proposals. They involve real difficulties for the consumer, but no one has suggested any way compatible with honest rationing which would involve less difficulties. In any case, it is not because the housewife will find it a nuisance to read her meter that opposition to rationing became formidable. It was the 1922 Committee, consisting of Conservative back-benchers, that induced Dr. Dalton to withdraw the Government scheme. He explained that he was now going to prepare a comprehensive plan of coal reorganisation. It is overdue—at least a generation overdue. Unified control by a national coal board, which would run the mines as a national property for the duration of the war, is the minimum that must be achieved in the interests of the war effort. Who is against such a national scheme? Those who are interested in preserving the present disorder; that is, not only mine-owners and managers, but also distributors and factors, who have, perhaps, even more political influence than the mineowners themselves.

The lesson of the battle for coal has been rubbed in by the arrangement which the Ministry of War Transport has just put through with the shipowners. This gives them the right to purchase, after the war, ships now being built by the Government. The shipowners apparently get an assurance of a return to private enterprise after the war, involving an actual handing over to them of Government property. No national mercantile marine is being built during the war; special legislation would be required to prevent the nation's ships being handed over to private enterprise. When it is suggested that, in the interests of the war effort, the coal industry ought to be brought under unified public regulation, than hosts of politicians and other apologists of capitalism start shouting that any such proposal is contrary to the terms of the political truce, which is said to mean that no controversial political issues are to be raised during the war. Is not the proposal to hand Government-built ships over to the shipowners a controversial proposal—and, what is more, one which has no possible justification as being necessary to the war effort? The miners, in their coal proposals, actually refrained from urging public ownership for fear of creating political divisions. No such scruples restrain the shipowners.

Matters are made even worse by the persistent attempts to transfer the blame for the coal shortage to the miners, and to suggest that the whole problem can be solved by compelling the miners to work longer hours. How can the miners, many of whom are old men, be expected to do this? Many of them, besides being old, have years of unemployment behind them. They have gone back to the pits, with their skill rusted, to find themselves in an industry transformed out of all knowledge by mechanisation. The noise of the new machinery stuns them; the pace of work is quite different, and tires them out. They toil away, weary and unhappy, getting kicks instead of thanks; and no wonder if here and there tempers get frayed to breaking point. And there are strikes—especially as beyond doubt most of them believe that the mines are not being well run in the national interest, and that, at any rate, some coalowners are keeping back the most easily worked seams with a view to post-war profits. Miners are not angels; but could even angels be expected to keep their tempers in face of the campaigns and innuendoes of the past fortnight? The contribution really required from the miners is to reduce absenteeism to the minimum and to accept the necessity of greater mobility to the most efficient pits. These, we believe, are concessions they would readily make—on obvious conditions. They must know that an increase of work and of prices will mean a corresponding increase in wages, and be assured beyond argument that the industry—it should, if possible, be the whole of Power and Transport—is being run with the maximum efficiency as the basis of the war effort and without regard to claims of vested interests, whose influence must, in fact, be totally removed for the duration of the war.

If Dr. Dalton and other Labour Members of the Government stand fast in company with Sir Stafford Cripps for this necessary reorganisation, we believe that they can rely on the support of Mr. Churchill, and, indeed, all responsible members of the Government. No interests in Parliament or outside it can stand for a moment against the national interest if the Cabinet stands by a united decision.

The Russian Attack

The main purpose of Timoshenko's attack on a front of about 100 miles round Kharkov is, we take it, to dislocate the Germans' disposal of their troops, before they can launch their main spring offensive. In this it can hardly fail to succeed, for it is inflicting on them heavy losses of material and men, which they will have to replace. A second purpose, if things go well, is doubtless to deny to the Germans the use of the

railways and roads that have their junction in Kharkov. So far as we can judge the good prospects round Kharkov more than balance the German success at Kerch. Though they have taken that town, the Black Sea Fleet holds the waters round it and can still embarrass them by landing troops in their rear. Among our own doings, the attack on the cruiser *Prinz Eugen* raises some disturbing questions. At a heavy cost to our attacking planes, she was injured, but did not sink. This contrasts with the too frequent Japanese and German success in sinking our warships with aerial torpedoes. No one doubts the skill or daring of our pilots. It may be that they had to attack too far from their home base, though this was not so in the action in Dover Straits. Two other explanations are possible, either of them disquieting. Have we neglected the torpedo-carrying and the dive-bomber types of plane? Or is it that the armour of German warships is greatly superior to ours?

The Winged Strategist

The two days debate on strategy in the Commons was too muffled and correct in tone to have much effect: in reading it we felt some sympathy with Commander Bower's epigram, that this Empire may go down to defeat in a blaze of discretion. Mr. Churchill's absence may not have been wise, but it was his way of saying that his critics had been ineffective. Mr. Attlee's defence of the present arrangement was unconvincing and far too complacent. He refused to believe that "any winged and amphibious genius" could be found fit to act as chairman and spokesman of the Chiefs of Staff of the three services. The phrase was neat, but it seemed to imply that we do not even yet expect the High Command to think in three dimensions. We should have said that even the private and the A.B. must learn to grow mental wings. It would seem on this showing that we rely solely on Mr. Churchill to perform these rare intellectual feats. The Government's argument left us in face of a dilemma. If Mr. Churchill has never over-ruled the advice of his technical chiefs, it would seem that they must bear the blame for recent disasters: yet they retain their positions. If, on the other hand, he has in various ways imposed his formidable personality upon them, then there is an irresistible case for a better organisation of the staffs, under a single professional chairman. Tuesday's debate in the Lords was franker. Lord Addison brought out some distressing fresh facts about Singapore and with Lord Hankey drove home the case for a rapid inquiry into the London end of that disaster. It should, we would add, include the home end of the story of Burma. This is not a call for any victim's blood. Our sole concern is to discover what has been amiss in our strategical direction and to have it put right.

Greek Resistance

No nation in this war has more perfectly joined innocence of aggression, courage against odds, reaction against defeat, than the Greeks. Their emigration, based upon the large colony in Egypt, fights on with a fleet including ten new British-built ships, an air force in Africa, an army brigade. A million tons of merchant shipping are an important part of Allied resources. It is the resistance in Greece, however, which is astonishing; and which owes its vitality to the unquenchable democracy of the Hellenic spirit. This is formally expressed by the appointment of Panayotis Canellopoulos, who led the Freedom Front in Greece and escaped recently, as deputy premier in Cairo. Practically, it means that though the people starve, they will not collaborate. Hitler has only found two quislings in Greece; neither of them carry any weight. "The Greek people have only one aim, to undermine the foundations of the New Order," moans the *Donauzeitung*. This courage makes the continuation of the food supply to Greece a token-payment of a heavy debt.

Home Front (*by an Industrial Correspondent.*)

The Report of the Citrine Committee on Regional Boards makes recommendations closely resembling those of the Committee on National Expenditure. The Government, while it accepts the report in general, makes a number of reservations which have the effect of decreasing the amount of regional devolution. The original proposals of the Committee, were already cautious enough. They did not envisage the vital step of making the Government directly responsible for pooling and securing the most efficient technical management of private firms. Under this scheme the executives of the Regional Boards are to consist in the first instance entirely of officials and are not, as the Citrine Committee proposes, to include representatives of employers and Trade Unionists. The power to prohibit firms already overloaded with war work from accepting further contracts is to be exercised centrally, and not as the Committee proposes, by the Regional Director. These and a few other reservations indicate in Mr. Lyttelton's mind an attitude of caution towards regional devolution. But in general the Government evidently proposes at last to give the regional system a trial; and there will now be in each area a Regional Director of Production, directly responsible to the Minister of Production and exercising a co-ordinating authority over the regional officers of the various Supply Ministries. Aiding him will be a Regional Board; but as this body is apparently not meant ordinarily to meet oftener than once a month, it is doubtful whether the Board will in fact have very much influence. Centrally, there is to be a Production Advisory Council on the now familiar pattern of six employers and six Trade Unionists sitting together with twelve Government nominees; and parallel with this body there is to be a Central Co-ordinating Committee of officials. The virtue of all this reorganisation will depend on how it is worked, and on the men Mr. Lyttelton finds to act as his Regional Directors.

* * *

The new order about restaurant meals is calculated to rather increase than to decrease irritation. It may be easy for a rich man, or one who lunches and dines on E.P.T., to persuade himself that there is nothing wrong in letting him pay 16*s.* 6*d.* for a meal if he wants to, provided that the cost of the meal is *nominally* put at 5*s.* and the rest charged up as extras. But try to explain this to a miner who is told that his work is vital to the country, and that he must do it for less than many unskilled workers are getting in munitions; and you will soon find that the case is not so easy to put across. I can imagine nothing more idiotic than this new restaurant order—even down to the last idiocy of special exemption for the oyster. Lord Woolton tells us that the luxury feeders use up very little food. Unfortunately, they dine off poor men's tempers at a gargantuan rate.

* * *

What a fuss, all because Ernest Bevin made the casual remark that he had his eye on the Stock Exchange. There is, unfortunately, not a shred of reason for supposing that the Minister of Labour has or had any intention at all of doing anything about the Stock Exchange. But the whole City, and the financial press, have been buzzing like a disturbed beehive ever since. Here, again, part of the trouble is that persons who are selling-off securities in order to avoid reducing their standards of living are afraid of being checked in their unpatriotic conduct by restrictions on transfers of stocks and shares. If they could be checked, without the imposition of unfair restrictions on persons who have fully legitimate reasons for share transactions in wartime, it would be a thoroughly good thing.

IS GERMANY UNITED?

FIGHTING on one front, the Nazi war machine yet hopes to break through and win the war for Hitler. But dreams of a quick victory have receded in Germany, as Görings jeremiad of Wednesday showed; the attack on Russia is renewed with depleted labour reserves and reduced rations. The horror and the losses of the Russian campaign are felt in millions of families. The economic strain is obvious to all, and as signs of strain increase, so the Party reacts to these difficulties by tightening its control and increasing its terror. Halted at the gates of Moscow, Hitler assumed personal command of the army, purged some generals, and increased the independence and numbers of the armed S.S. formations. Since March 26 the appointment or promotion of any civil servant depends on the Gauleiters of the Party. On March 30, Gauleiter Sauckel was made Reich labour dictator; on April 28 he put the Gauleiters in charge of labour mobilisation in every district. In April, 41 Chambers of Industry and Commerce were dissolved, to be replaced by Gau Economic Chambers under Gau economic advisers.

Is this a political crisis? Or is the mere survival of the regime proof that the German people stand solidly behind it? Let us look at a second group of measures. On December 11 Hitler, speaking in the Reichstag, threatened everybody with death who undermined the home front in any way. At that time, death sentences could be pronounced legally for crimes of violence, for acts of high treason including the spreading of foreign broadcasts, and for all offences committed during the black-out. On March 27, death was threatened to black-market offenders, and on April 9 to industrialists making false returns about their requirements of workers, materials or machines. Already in February Himmler had begun to announce in the press the execution of offenders who had been legally condemned to gaol only a few days before. On March 21, Hitler empowered the judges by decree to disregard procedure in the interest of speed and to go beyond the penalties fixed by law. Yet in his speech of April 26, Hitler complained that the judges did not produce the number of death sentences required; therefore he assumed expressly the power to punish any German without regard to legal procedure, to dismiss civil servants without disciplinary court and officers without court martial, and to dismiss judges.

This orgy of killing is taking place not in some occupied country, but inside Germany. Since last November, every speech of Hitler's has shown that the Nazis are haunted by the fear of another 1918. Their regime is designed to prevent it—by totalitarian control, terror and propaganda. And the Nazi home propaganda during this winter has been as revealing as their other measures.

One of the main themes of Dr. Goebbels is that the enemy's only chance is to undermine German national unity. British propaganda is answered week by week by Goebbels in "*Das Reich*" and by his mouthpiece Fritsch on the wireless, and thereby admitted to be widely heard in spite of the ban. An important variant of this theme is the danger that the front might be undermined by complaints at home: the article by Goebbels of April 5 is one long admonition to civilians not to worry the soldiers with their troubles, either in letters or when they come on leave. But the split most feared is the one between the party and the people. On April 30, Himmler's *Schwarzes Korps* devoted its front page to an attack on the "solidarity of the small people," who, in the old spirit of the class struggle, protected the offenders in their midst, but enjoyed spreading rumours about offences of party officials.

Not often is a political weakness of the regime admitted with such frankness. The popular attitude towards foreigners and Jews is a case in point. After the Jews had been compelled to wear the yellow star, Goebbels had to devote a long article to its justification (November 16),

ADVERTISED GOODS.—The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

CENSORSHIP REGULATIONS allow readers to post this paper to any part of the British Empire (excepting Eire and Northern Ireland) and to any country of the American Continent (excepting dependencies of enemy-occupied countries) but readers are advised to consult a Post Office or a newsagent before attempting to post elsewhere.

POSTAGE on this issue is: Inland, 1½d.; Foreign, 1d.; Canada, 1d.

and for two months the *Schwarze Korps* and the provincial Nazi papers were full of indignant reports about popular pity with the Jews. As recently as April 16, the *Schwarze Korps* suggested the compulsory introduction of bowler hats for the remaining Jews, because they had successfully assumed the appearance of honest workmen!

Kindness to prisoners of war and other foreign workers is among the most frequent reasons for sentences published in the Nazi press. They include the crime of lending clothes for an escape, showing the ways across the frontier, of using wireless to listen to foreign broadcasts and making presents of rationed food. During March and April a number of appeals in provincial papers explained that prisoners were sufficiently fed, that they begged for food only to send it home to their relatives, and that misplaced pity only helped to diminish Germany's food reserves.

On the critical question of labour discipline and working speed the Nazi press is extremely silent, apart from general admonitions to increase output. Special penalties to enforce factory discipline have been introduced by the trustees of labour for South West Germany on September 1, for Saxony on January 16, for Westphalia and the Lower Rhine on February 2, and for the Lower Danube on April 1. In the Brussels *Nouveau Journal* of December 31 a Belgian worker reported in detail how his German colleagues had asked him to go slow; this is confirmed by several reports of the Paris wireless as well as by independent reports available in this country. The Berlin *Angriff* of April 8 reported that the Labour Front has given 3,000 men an elementary medical training, to enable them to have a look at workers who report sick. In March the German wireless for the first time reported sentences against German workers for sabotage.

The evidence of the Nazis' own decrees, sentences and propaganda is eloquent as well as incontrovertible about the importance of anti-Nazi attitudes and the frequency of individual actions in defiance of the Nazi regulations. It is more difficult to extract from it proof of organised opposition. But at least one organised anti-Nazi force can still openly raise its voice in Germany—the Church.

In his speeches of November 8 and December 11, Hitler particularly threatened opposition masked by religion. This was the belated echo of the three famous sermons in July, in which Bishop Galen of Münster had branded the Gestapo as the "internal enemy," with whom no fellowship was possible for the Christian. Since then Bishop Bornewasser of Treves, on November 30, and Cardinal Faulhaber of Munich on New Year's Eve, have repeated Galen's main points. They have attacked the confiscation of Church property both in Germany and Poland, have charged the Nazis with undermining the respect for law and the moral foundations of society, and have upheld the international validity of Christian ethics.

The Protestant opposition, though far less powerful, has not been less courageous. When opening the Protestant synod of Wurttemberg on September 2, Bishop Wurm stated that a systematic fight against the Churches was going on in the middle of war, and that he could obtain no official denial of the rumours about their intended liquidation after the war. Protestant clergymen have also incurred the special blame of the Nazi press for continuing to admit baptised Jews to Church in spite of the yellow star.

These truculent speeches in overcrowded churches are of course possible only because the Church, while fighting the internal regime, continues to support the "defence of the fatherland." But along with this public and legal opposition there is a Catholic underground movement. A short time after the famous air ace Colonel Moelders had died in an accident, an alleged letter of his to a Catholic dignitary began secretly to circulate in Germany. This letter asserted that Moelders had been a devoted Catholic, that he had owed his courage to his faith, and that many secular-minded young men were being converted to Christianity by the horrors of war. The Nazi press has declared the letter a forgery, and the Gestapo has promised a premium of 100,000 marks for the discovery of the forgers, thus proving its wide circulation. Neutral sources confirm the fact of mass conversions on the Eastern front.

Scarcely any open reference is tolerated to the Marxist underground groups, whether of Communist or social democratic tradition. The more important cases are not published, and the smaller victims of persecution are represented as traitors working for material gain. Yet the continued polemics of Doctor Ley against "that Marxist solidarity," as repeated in his speech on May 1, and the complaints of the *Schwarze Korps* about the spirit of the class struggle mentioned above show their continued importance, as well as such direct evidence of their work as still reaches this country. And references to subversive activities in general have recently been increasing in the Nazi press.

At the end of March a South West German paper complained that some necessary measures of the Gestapo had been systematically used by subversive elements to spread wild rumours about waves of arrests. On April 24, the Munich chief of police published a severe warning against the passing on of chain letters. And in a lecture at Dusseldorf late in March, the vice-president of the Berlin People's Court told of his struggle against the enemies of the state. Apart from espionage, he said, the People's Court was mainly concerned to fight the spreading of leaflets, hostile rumours and other attempts at disruption from inside or from abroad. This proves that, for the first time since the early years of Nazism, the distribution of leaflets has again become an important weapon of the opposition—an indication that the mass interest in anti-Nazi information has at last become strong enough to outweigh the special risks of this form of propaganda.

WICKED BUNK

I REMEMBER a *Punch* cartoon which appeared early in the last war, depicting the solemn gathering of a German family to sing their evening Hymn of Hate against Britain. *Punch* meant us to regard this deliberate registration of public hatred as portentous and silly; and most of us did so regard it. How like the Germans to take themselves so seriously! It is humiliating, twenty-five years later, to have to record that similar phenomena have appeared within the last few months among the English. Members of His Majesty's Forces are apparently being subjected to a series of experiments designed to manufacture the emotions of hatred and blood lust, for all the world as if they were Pavlov's dogs. There are stories of men taken to public abattoirs and there daubed with the blood of the sheep and oxen whose slaughter they have witnessed; of bayonet practice upon pigs' bladders filled with blood, and of men dabbled in the blood of slaughtered animals before a mock assault. In one camp, I am told—I hope to goodness my leg was being pulled—there were suspended balloons shaped like bodies which men were bidden to attack; when the balloons were punctured, the men were deluged with squirts of red ink, but I see no reason to doubt the story, related to me by an Oxford undergraduate, of instructors detailed to run by the side of men engaged in attacking a hill deemed to be in the enemy's possession, and hissing into their ears in rhythmic refrain: "Hate, Kill, Hurt . . . Hate, Kill, Hurt . . ."

One objects? Yes, of course one objects. There is a suggestion of the bogus, the "phoney" about this production of synthetic emotion that evokes the still small voice that says "Bunk." But this first reaction of distaste is qualified by an afterthought; is one, after all, entitled to object? Are recanting ex-pacifists now enlisted in full support of the war, for fear lest there occur a worse thing even than war, entitled to question any of the implications of the logic of violence, to the acceptance of which their recantation has committed them? Or again, are those who are old enough to have lived in a civilisation, entitled to cavil at savagery which, unthinkable then, is compatible with, nay more may even be demanded by, the decivilisation of the times? With what right, it may be asked, do we judge a barbaric age by standards appropriate to a civilised one?

In the light of questions such as these we are bound, as it seems to me, to scrutinise the grounds of our objection with especial care. I have tried to do so in the case of mine, with the result that there have emerged a number of considerations which seem to me to be grounded in the nature of the case and not in the foibles of the objector. Three are of expediency, one of morals.

First, strong emotions of any kind do not last. This is particularly true of the emotions of indignation and hatred; the capacity for both becomes fatigued and is succeeded by listlessness and apathy. Useful for a sudden burst, hatred is worse than useless for a sustained bout of arduous endeavour. Secondly, hatred, like any strong emotion, clouds the mind and disturbs the judgment. A sudden rush of Berserk fury is, I daresay, a useful assistance to one about to cleave a man's skull with a battle axe; it may be doubted, however, whether it is equally serviceable to those from whom there is demanded steady discipline in the ranks, a display of initiative as individuals, and a nice adjustment of the levers and switches that control a machine. It is not the first but the second, third and fourth of these situations that are most frequently met with in modern war, and we need cool heads to deal with them. A certain number of fleas is good for a dog; it stops him from brooding on being a dog; but too many fleas make him mad, and maddened dogs usually get the worst of it in conflict with unmaddened but resolute men. The following letter from a Flight Lieutenant, published in the *News Chronicle*, illustrates the point better than I can hope to do:

> I have been for just on two years the adjutant of an operational squadron in Bomber Command. I am serving under my tenth commanding officer. I have been all the time in the closest personal contact with the fighting crews. That they have done their job the whole world knows. But I should like to place on record that not on one single occasion have I heard a member of an operational crew speak of the Germans with hatred.
>
> This is not a remarkable fact. Our crews are trained to do their terrible work with coolness, calculation and quiet determination, and with a courage which comes from a self-imposed discipline which does not need the tawdry stage effects of a provincial Grand Guignol to engender it.

Thirdly, the emotion of hatred once aroused may be directed into channels other than that for which it was intended. The man who has been deliberately maddened for the purpose of killing Germans in war, may show reluctance when it is proposed to him that he should become sane for the purpose of living with Englishmen in peace. There is, in other words, the danger of deliberately cultivating a certain type of mind, the mind of the gangster, which is fraught with danger to the peace of this country after the war. In the same issue of the *News Chronicle* there was published a disturbing letter from a householder in Berkshire, telling how, in recent manœuvres, doors of houses were forced, civilians forcibly ejected and women driven along the road at the point of the bayonet.

One remembers the Black and Tans; one remembers the atmosphere that brooded over Germany immediately prior to the Nazi revolution; one remembers the growth of crimes of violence in the twenty years between the wars and, reflecting on these things, one may well doubt the expediency of teaching men to hate on principle, in order that they may be brutal in practice. Haters on principle are not always as discriminating as we should like them to be as regards the objects of their hatred. It would be unfortunate if habits contracted during the war to win the war, were to continue after the war was won to lose the peace.

At this point, the arguments from expediency

border on the argument from morals. We are fighting this war for certain principles, the principles on which the European civilisation of the past two thousand years has been founded. They are derived in part from Greek, in part from Christian thought. The Greeks taught us not to dethrone reason from her seat and yield the control of the soul to passion; for passion, as Plato pointed out, knows neither justice nor moderation. Passion once aroused may be turned with equal facility against the good or the bad for, being without judgment, it hates the good equally with the bad. Not the least of its evils is that it grows with what it feeds on, and becomes at last a tyrant demanding ever greater sacrifices for its appeasement from the man in whose soul it holds sway. The motive of the professional soldier who kills because it is his job, and not because it is his pleasure, is a motive of reason and not of passion. The mood of the citizen turned soldier of necessity, who kills because it is his duty and not because it is his pleasure, is dissipated, so soon as the duty is performed. Civilised men go to war in the spirit in which a man will disperse a nest of dangerous vermin or go down a choked and noisome sewer which somebody must clean out. It is by no means clear that these sanitary duties are any the less effectively performed because their agents do not hate the vermin or the sewer. Now the war in which we are engaged is in effect a gigantic sanitary operation.

Christianity has proclaimed that the individual is an end in himself, an immortal soul made in the image of his creator. It is part of the tragedy of war that men must learn to kill their fellows whom they have never seen and with whom they have no personal quarrel. But war does not require, and Christianity forbids, that we should hate the victims of our bayonets and our bombs. Christianity has taught men while hating the sin to go easy with the sinner. No doubt this is hard doctrine; indeed, it is hard to talk any sort of Christianity in wartime. But the fact that they are hard to observe in practice, is no justification for going out of our way to flout in principle all the precepts of the religion we are supposed to profess. It will be a long time yet before the practice of the world squares with its professions; but the first step is for its professions to condemn its practice. This step is not taken by praising the very practices that we reprobate in the enemy and, because of his addiction to which, we have declared the enemy to be our enemy.

For are not brutality and hatred the stuff of which Nazis are made? Is not their inculcation one of the prime objects of Nazi education? "Happiness, equality, the rights of man, progress, these are phantoms soaked in chaos"; "the so-called love of mankind or love of one's neighbour are Jewish inventions"; it is a Nazi educator writing. "People running from the houses . . . some pushing baby carriages, when we get low enough, we *strafe* them . . . they are our enemies, one must kill one's enemies"; it is a Nazi pilot speaking. "A number of books, including the Bible and Shakespeare were handed round the circle so that each child could spit on them, after which they were ceremoniously burnt"; it is a Hitler Youth Group behaving—and are not the practice of brutality as a policy of State, the cruelties of pogrom and concentration camp, the atrocities which stain the pages of the White Papers published by the Russian Government, expressions of precisely the values which the deliberate creation of hatred invokes and the fruits of precisely the emotions which it arouses? It is a poor way to show your disapproval of your enemy by seeking to emulate those of his characteristics of which you disapprove, nor can a victory for civilisation be won by deliberately discarding the standards which have made men civilised.

I conclude that the instinct that taught us in the last war to laugh at the German family singing its "Hymn of Hate" was a sound one. Is it too much to hope that we can laugh out of countenance the same wicked nonsense when it is spread among ourselves?

C. E. M. JOAD

FAMILY ALLOWANCES

A FEW years ago, almost any possible occupant of the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer would have shrunk back appalled at the prospect of a social reform which might cost up to £125 million a year, and would have asked his official experts to cast about for an alternative that would curry as much public favour at a tithe of the price. That was why family allowances, often as they were discussed among social reformers, never stood up to 1939 any real chance of incorporation in the programme of either of the great political parties. They looked like costing too much to be regarded as a suitable means of wooing public support: statesmen occasionally played with the notion, but they never took it seriously. It was a godsend to them that certain big Trade Unions, behind which they could take shelter, were opposed to family allowances because of a fear that their effort might be to reduce wage-rates and upset the familiar processes of collective bargaining.

The situation is different to-day, in time of war, for money, as such, has almost ceased to count, and even £125 million looks little enough in comparison with the costs of warfare. Indeed, the handing out of family allowances now presents itself as a possible means of avoiding much larger expenditure which will otherwise have to be met. At a time when there are loud complaints about the disparity of earnings in different industries, and the National Arbitration Tribunal and other official bodies dealing with labour questions are putting up a stiff resistance to demands for higher wages, family allowances present powerful attractions as a way of meeting the admitted hardships of the family man, without conceding any general wage-advances. The Trade Unions have always argued in the past that family allowances would be used in this way—to prevent wage advances if not actually to force existing wages down. It is ironical that the Trades Union Council should have gone at least some way towards withdrawing its opposition at a time when this fear has more substance than ever before. It was easy enough to demonstrate logically that, under ordinary peace conditions, family allowances would add to, and not detract from, the workers' bargaining power. At least, this could be shown conclusively of any scheme by which family allowances were to be financed out of general taxation, and not on a contributory basis. But this argument is no longer valid under war conditions, when wages depend on the play of social rather than economic forces, and the real question is not how much money each member of the community is to receive, but how much he is to be allowed to buy.

Of course, the reason for the change in Trade Union opinion at such a moment is easy to explain. The union leaders know, as well as anybody, that it is useless to attempt to force a general rise in wages just now, when there are no more consumers' goods or services to be had. They are therefore being forced to depart from the purely economic attitude they have previously taken up towards family allowances, and to give more weight to the social needs of their members whom they cannot hope to help by raising their wages outright. The case for family allowances is on all fours with the case for minimum wages under the Trade Boards Acts, to which there has been from time to time a fair amount of Trade Union opposition.

The recently issued White Paper is carefully non-committal; but it has achieved at any rate one result. It has brushed aside quite decisively and finally the project of tacking a general system of family allowances on to the social insurance services. It would, in effect, be both grossly unjust and politically impossible to pay family allowances to insured workers and refuse them to the uninsured sections of the population. Even if this were regarded as practicable, there would be insuperable difficulties arising out of the frequent movement of persons into and out of insured trades. For these and other reasons, the White Paper has in effect ruled a contributory system out of court, and made it clear that, if we are to have family allowances at all, they will have to be paid out of general taxation. Thereupon follows the question, How much will they cost?

The £125 million mentioned at the beginning of this article is an estimate of the annual net cost of a non-contributory scheme covering all children below the present school-leaving age or in actual attendance at school, the allowance to be provided being 5s. a week for every child, without any means test or limit on the parents' income. The imposition of a means test would, of course, reduce the cost by £21 million if the allowances stopped at an income limit of £260 a year, and by only £8 million if the income limit was £420. Much greater reduction in cost could be achieved by paying the allowances only in respect of a second or a third dependent child. A "second child" scheme without a means limit would cost only £55 million, or less than half the cost of the full scheme; and a scheme beginning only with the third dependent child would reduce the expense to no more than £22 million, or little more than a sixth. The plain conclusion on the first of these points is that a means test or limit is not worth the trouble and controversy which it would involve.

The second issue is more difficult. Under peace conditions there was much to be said for a second, or even a third child scheme as the thin end of the wedge; and it could be shown that even a second child scheme would go a long way towards meeting the really hard cases of malnutrition explored by social workers. But now it seems much better to go the whole of the way. Our system of taxation is in the melting-pot in any case; it is not a question of upsetting the delicate poise of a Budget. We have to lay foundations for a new social order, not merely patch up an existing system. The family allowance, payable in respect of all children, is a plain recognition of the child's right and value to the community: a second or third child scheme is merely a subsidy to certain parents.

We conclude, then, that the only plan that needs to be seriously considered is one covering all children, and without any scouting of the parents' means. The objection that has now to be faced is that, if the proposed allowances are paid over in cash to the parents, there can be no guarantee that the money will actually be spent on the children, and not thrown away, for example, on gambling. Some advocates of family allowances hold that the best way of minimising this risk is to pay the allowance to the mother rather than the father; and there is much to be said for this, though of course some mothers drink or gamble, and some fathers may retaliate by handing over less housekeeping money to their wives. To thwart such undutiful parents, some social reformers want the allowances to be paid in coupons which can be spent only on particular kinds of goods; and, whatever the objection to the proposal in ordinary times, there is much to be said for it now, when it is necessary to relate purchasing power as closely as possible to what is in the shops to be bought, and to ensure that, as far as possible, the shops contain the things that are most needed in the right proportion. Others go farther, and hold that family allowances should be given only in kind—in the form of free milk, free meals, free clothing, free medical and dental attention, and so on. This amounts in effect to rejecting family allowances altogether, and pressing for improved all-round social services instead.

If we thought that family allowances were really an alternative to better social services, we should be disposed to abandon our advocacy of them; for we regard free school meals as well as milk, and free medical and dental treatment, as well as inspection of all children as part of the indispensable equipment of public education, and as prerequisites of national good health. We refuse to regard these services as alternatives to family allowances. Their institution may affect the amount of the cash or coupon allowances which it will be necessary to grant, and therewith the cost. But the principle remains unaffected; for extension of the social services can-

not practically cover more than a fraction of the child's needs.

We come, therefore, to the conclusion that family allowances ought to be conceded now, without waiting for the war to end. We urge this, not because we share the hopes of some advocates that they will have a material effect on the birth-rate, but rather as a measure of social justice and as a means of improving the quality of the children who are born. The birth-rate we believe to depend much more on psychological considerations than on directly economic incentives. Give men and women the chance of feeling that life is well worth living, that there is hope in the air, and that they are wanted and their children wanted: give that, and we believe the birth-rate will go up, despite the increasing diffusion of contraceptive knowledge.

Judgment on the merits of family allowances should therefore be made quite apart from any expectation of their effects on the declining birth-rate, though not on the quality of the children who grow up to serve the national needs. The case for family allowances is the case against allowing children, be they few or many, to suffer from under-nourishment and lack of the essentials of decent living because their parents are poor. We hope next week's Labour Party Conference, now that the trade unions no longer stand in the way, will press for it hard and insist that the thing be done at once, and not delayed even to next year's Budget, much less until "after the war."

A LONDON DIARY

THE Labour Party Conference, which opens next Monday, is likely to have its critical moments. The rank and file in the constituencies are deeply dissatisfied with the electoral truce, and also with the acquiescence of the Labour members of the Cabinet in the Government's policy of avoiding important social changes. While, therefore, the main domestic resolution, which calls for a planned democracy, is likely to be welcomed, the delegates will want to know what steps the National Executive proposes to implement it. The demand for a "forward" policy is certainly supported in the Executive itself; I'm told that some of its members would even prefer to end the electoral truce rather than follow Mr. Attlee in his blind support of Mr. Churchill. These members think that their leader is gravely out of touch with Labour opinion in the constituencies; they are anxious that delegates should speak what is in their minds pretty frankly.

* * *

On the question of fuel rationing and coal reorganisation many Labour Members now feel that they ought to have a show-down with the Government; if, they say, it will run away from the 1922 Committee on a clear issue like coal, it will not force its pressure on anything else. The Labour demands on the mines were so moderate that the Executive thought it could at least report a success on these to the Conference. Failure over this would make leaders who were not previously regarded as "Left" convinced that the "full partnership" of 1940 has become farcical. Granted the temper of the local parties, and the competition of new Parties, it would not be easy to maintain the present leadership on these terms.

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One of the interesting events during the Conference will be "Any questions on India" meeting at the Livingstone Hall on Tuesday, May 26th, at 6.30. This meeting is arranged by the Union of Democratic Control (tickets 6*d*. at 34, Victoria Street, S.W.1 or at the meeting). The panel consists of two English members, H. N. Brailsford and Agatha Harrison, and four Indians of different religious points of view. Edward Thompson is acting as Question Master. Mulk Anand is, I think, the most brilliant Indian in this country. He is widely known by his book *The Untouchable*. Sen Gupta and Islams-Ul-Haq are representatives of Hindu and Moslem opinion and Krishna Menon is our old friend, the indefatigable representative of Congress in this country. But I speak of different points of view as if the Indians in England were divided as they are in India. This is not so. Indians here feel as Indians: they are not divided into Hindus and Moslems.

* * *

"What a disconcerting fellow the Prime Minister is," said a friend after Mr. Churchill's last broadcast. "Just when his behaviour and that of his colleague minions and yes-men convince us that he is really quite out of touch with the public, he suddenly discloses that he has marked and inwardly digested the fact that a few weeks ago a huge demonstration of London citizens—probably the largest ever collected in Trafalgar Square—gathered together to demand a second front on the Continent. Who among recent Premiers would publicly have admitted the significance of a gathering of obvious Communist inspiration? Mr. Baldwin would have sent for the police, and Mr. Chamberlain for a Security Committee. Mr. Churchill, cognisant of 40,000 people roaring for action, declares that they represent the 'strong heart-beats of the nation.' Well, this coming Sunday, the Prime Minister and others seem likely to hear even more heart beats from Trafalgar Square and adjacent points, where there is to be a meeting at 6.0 in the afternoon—a time chosen because factory workers agreed this was the best hour for a maximum demonstration involving a minimum interference with production. A few hours earlier, at the Hippodrome in Leicester Square, will be held the first meeting of the *Daily Express* forum of "Public Opinion." And there, too, curiously enough, the subject for discussion is "The Second Front." Neither the name of the Chairman nor the list of speakers has been announced as I write. I do hope they will at least offer Lord Beaverbrook a show.

* * *

Mr. Evatt is a thickset, powerful person, able, direct and impatient of procrastinators. His postscript had, I think, a great effect. It was unusually honest and outspoken and it amounted to an appeal for more help to Australia. On this none of us can comment with advantage. Everyone would like to give more help to Australia, but most of us complain that British forces are already too widely dispersed. Whether a few hundred aeroplanes sent from this country would make a difference; whether we can spare them from other projects or whether we have the shipping available at the moment of supreme test in Europe is more than any but the few experts can possibly say. For Britain to concentrate first on the defeat of Germany and to dispose our forces in the way that will best coincide with Russia's fight is obviously the right strategy. The Pacific situation must at this juncture be mainly left to the United States. But I felt that Mr. Evatt had done an excellent job of work over here in explaining the position of Australia.

* * *

I well remember a February evening eight years ago when a group of us met in the crypt of St. Martin-in-the-Fields to found the National Council for Civil Liberties. Ronald Kidd was secretary from the first. Some day the history of the surprising society he built will be written—the fight over the Sedition Bill, the rows with the Fascists and with the police after the Thurlow Square riot, the hunger marchers and a hundred other incidents come into my mind. Kidd was the most disinterested man, I think, I've ever known. He seemed without ties, without a past or future apart from the past and future of the battle for civil rights. The first office of the Council to which Mr. Forster referred in the address at Golders Green which is reproduced elsewhere in this issue, was also Kidd's flat: he received, I think, £4 a week for salary, out of which he himself paid the rent of the office in which he worked fifteen hours a day. Kidd was a typical Englishman with a proverbial belief in the rights of the private individual. I was endeared to Kidd from the first by an activity that seemed to come straight from Chesterton. Who else but a character in Chesterton would of his own volition pay a whole series of visits to a small county town in order to speak in the market place (where he did not particularly want to speak) with no other inducement except to vindicate the citizens' right to speak in a traditional place of public assembly? He just could not bear to feel the world closing in—the police encroaching on our daily lives. All this fitted in with the faint flavour of the Victorian stage that he somehow carried round with him. For the last two years of his life Kidd had been in increasingly bad health. After a road accident and the discovery that his heart was worn, he aged suddenly. His death, when it came, took most of us by surprise. I hope the British people have more to come from the same stock.

* * *

Tom Wintringham, expert in Citizen Armies, has had more than one invitation to train Home Guards abroad. He was invited, for instance, to go to California. I learnt some weeks ago that he would not be going owing to a peculiar set of circumstances. One of the local Home Guard leaders in California, who had asked him to go, had a row on the telephone with a friend, also of the Home Guard. The friend asked him to go round and repeat that in his presence. He did so, arriving in his friend's garden with a 45 in each hand. According to report he told his friend "not to be excited." Useless advice apparently. In any case the friend, who only had a 38, was killed; so was the friend's wife, while the Home Guard leader was himself severely wounded. I gather that a further training is no longer considered necessary for the Californian Home Guard.

* * *

One woman to another in a 'bus: "So I said to him: 'Tom! That's the second direct on the block in ten minutes. Why don't you come here in the shelter with me?' for I was under the stairs. And then the third came and the roof fell in. And you know my husband was never one to use bad language'—he doesn't approve of swearing—but, my dear, I heard him say, 'God damn them!'"

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to Miss Ohrenstein.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

H.M.S.O. announce that the ban on export to India and Burma of "Destruction of an Army" is lifted.—*The Bookseller.*

I hope that those of our staff who want to wear slacks will be few and far between, because in these grim times we do want to keep a certain amount of femininity.—Fulham Councillor in *Evening Standard.*

May I, as one of his former commanding officers be permitted to pay a small tribute to Lieutenant-Commander George —— ——, R.N.? George was one of those lovable characters who would have never grown up, but who was inevitably destined for high rank in the Navy.—*Times.*

Encouraged by the news from Kharkov, markets rounded off a satisfactory week in good style. Gilt-edged held steady and there was support for leading home industrials.—*Daily Telegraph.*

I can see no reason why Big Game should not stay the distance of the Derby, a mile and a half, and if he does he will surely win for the King, and nothing could be better for racing or more popular throughout the Empire, and, indeed, the world.—*Times.*

THE "DAILY WORKER"

DECLARING that he has acted so as "to promote national unity," President Roosevelt last week ordered the release from prison of Earl Browder, Secretary of the Communist Party of the United States. To very large numbers of people, Browder's continued imprisonment seemed an unpleasant token of a possible insincerity in the attitude of the Administration to the war of the peoples against Hitlerism. The action of the American President comes as a reinforcement to the demand of millions of people in Britain, supported by daily newspapers so various as the *Express*, *Mirror* and *News Chronicle*, for the lifting of the *Daily Worker* ban.

"The reappearance of the *Daily Worker*," writes the *News Chronicle*, "would give satisfaction to millions of workers who are not Communists. and it would markedly increase the sense of national unity." The demand for the lifting of the ban, formally made by the Scottish Trades Union Congress, the Amalgamated Engineering Union, the Mineworkers' Federation of Great Britain, the National Union of Railwaymen, the Electrical Trades Union, is a sufficient demonstration that the *News Chronicle* is not exaggerating the state of feeling among the workers.

Whatever anyone's attitude may have been sixteen months ago, it is admitted by everyone that the situation now is an entirely different one, and the ostensible reasons now given for prolonging the ban are quite other than the ostensible reasons for imposing it. Nor would the "arguments" now advanced have been considered adequate grounds for suppression. It is scandalous that there should be people who go about and say: "It is true that none of the grounds on which the paper was suppressed are valid any more, but just now we have thought of some other reasons why we consider it might possibly be rather awkward to let the *Daily Worker* appear again, so we will continue the ban." This is simply an attempt to use wartime regulations as weapons in a political vendetta.

The workers who demand the lifting of the ban are playing a role of first-class importance in arousing enthusiasm, in organising practical improvements, in improving the efficiency of the war machine. Will anyone deny that the influence of the most skilful and enthusiastic workers in the factories would be enormously multiplied if they had their own paper in circulation again?

But it is suggested that there is risk that the paper might make unbridled attacks upon people. If that risk indeed existed, would it be a ground for suppression of a newspaper under Regulation 2D? It is suggested that the paper might libel somebody and then not have enough money to pay adequate damages. If that is grounds for suppression, then it appears that Regulation 2D exists to make Britain safe for the millionaire press, and the millionaire press alone.

We know that as a matter of fact 2D threatens the whole press, which is why representatives of the whole of the newspaper industry have demanded the repeal of 2D, with retrospective effect.

There has been circulated—from heaven knows what sources—the whispered suggestion that the *Daily Worker* must not be allowed to appear because "perhaps the Russians will let us down." It may be supposed that in future to mention the name of Timoshenko, and to recall the bloody heroism of the men fighting a decisive battle of the world in the Ukraine, will be sufficient to choke this quite incredible "argument."

The days, as Mr. Churchill says, are passing. Men and women in the factories demand the *Daily Worker* because they see it as a weapon of great power in their war against Hitlerism, a most practical instrument of increased production. In the interests of national unity and of the alliance of the United Nations, President Roosevelt has acted in the case of Browder. For the same reasons, it is time for the British Government to act in the case of the *Daily Worker*.

CLAUD COCKBURN

PUBLIC SCHOOLS AND THE EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM—II.

[The first part of Mr. Rowse's consideration of Public Schools appeared in our issue of May 16.]

THE proper solution for the difficulties of the public schools is clear. It has been indicated in recent weeks by the amalgamation of Haileybury and the Imperial Service College. There should be many more such amalgamations. The prosperous nineteenth century, with a rising middle-class and the enormous size of the Victorian family, led to a great increase in the number (and the numbers) of the public schools. There are too many of them now, with the decline of the birth-rate and in the incomes of the middle-classes; and some of them are too large for efficient, or rather optimum, working. The sensible solution for the public schools is to concentrate their resources upon the best of their number, and to weed out the really inferior ones. Anyone with experience at the universities will probably agree that it is people who come from the inferior public schools who display most snobbery, the narrowest conventionalism of outlook and the least sense of real standards of intelligence and culture. I am bound in fairness to add that, conversely, I have found the most sympathetic qualities of mind, great intellectual freedom and absence of conventional conformity, among people coming from the best public schools. I do not in the least want these schools to come to an end; on the contrary, I want them to survive and to give them the best chance of survival at the expense of the inferior.

All the same, we do not want the nation's schools to become mere imitators of them, upholding bogus public-school standards instead of developing their own, for which our post-war society will have greater need than the outworn modes of the nineteenth century. A secondary school headmaster I know, a thoroughly inferior man, said to a public-school friend of mine the other day, "Of course, we look up to you public-school people to give us a lead." Now that is precisely what we do not; that remark is the measure of that man's unfitness for his job. For it is the job of the secondary schools to develop standards of their own. There are certain definite advantages in day-school education. Oscillating between home and school, the secondary schoolboy has much greater freedom to develop his own mind and character: he does not take such a uniform stamp: he has room in which to call his soul his own: he is nothing like so much at the mercy of that intense barrage of public opinion which boys at boarding schools have to endure. I have noticed in the course of some years at the university that he is much less concerned with personalities and the worthless exchange of personal gossip; he is much more interested in ideas for their own sake and wants to thrash them out, to *think* his way through. That is not always considered "good form" by public schoolboys. But it is what the nation stands much more in need of than all the "good form" in the world. The one great weakness of the secondary schoolboy is that he is apt to feel inferior when faced with the self-assurance and complacency of his public-school *confrère*. But that is largely because English society has hitherto conferred social privilege upon the public school. And that will change in time. Even now no secondary schoolboy need feel inferior unless he regards himself as such. I haven't noticed that the secondary schoolboys of the R.A.F. are inferior to the old public schoolboys of the Army Command.

Take the fundamental emphasis upon character rather than intelligence which has prevailed in the public-school system since the time of Dr. Arnold. (His son did his best to rectify the emphasis; but Dr. Arnold, or rather the English middle-class, was too much for him.) That same middle-class in its decadence since the last war has persistently denigrated intelligence; they never liked intelligence; they feared and distrusted genius; look at the way they treated Lloyd George, whom they kept out of power for years when he was at the height of his powers and prestige, or Mr. Churchill, whom they kept out for a decade. They preferred the second-rate and the third-rate and the *n*th rate, the Baldwins and Chamberlains and Lindleys and Nevile Hendersons. They felt safer with them. I wonder if they feel so safe about them to-day? For, of course, a nation can only be safe when it relies on ability and intelligence. Is it any wonder that we have had the disasters we have had in Flanders, in Norway, in Crete, in Libya, in Malaya? The Germans and the Japanese believe in intelligence, and in a sense they deserve their successes. It is utterly unfair to our own men, who have displayed fortitude and courage everywhere, not to give them the most intelligent leadership, foresight and forethought. Yet how can a governing class in decadence, with no belief in intelligence—so different from the great days of Elizabeth and the Cecils, of the Pitts and Canning—give them that? We need and we shall achieve a new leadership or go under.

Yet in the Lords' Debate the egregious Elton (I am afraid he is not my favourite comic peer, as he is with some), got up to sing the praises of Character and perform once more his well-known turn against intellectuals. (There is nobody more bitter against intellectuals than a failed intellectual.) He wanted "potential leaders of the country subjected to a test of character as well as of intelligence, and contended that education was ripe for that change." As if we didn't hear about Character *ad nauseam* in English education already, when what the nation needs is to set more store by intelligence and clear thinking. Yet it is in keeping that the perfect Chamberlainite should take this line: Chamberlainism stood for a narrow, blinkered obstinacy, intellectual obtuseness, respectability *in excelsis*, an unbelievable smugness, the reign of humbug—and on the other side a refusal to think things out. We are now having to pay the price for it.

Nor do we think that more religious teaching in the schools is the way to salvation. All the old men—nearly all the speakers in the debate, it was notable, were old men—may go on talking humbug till they are blue in the face, but it doesn't alter the fact that the vital intellectual currents of our time have moved away from religious belief. It is true that our society is still heavily biased in favour of expression of conformist views in these matters, though everybody knows that they no longer command the assent of the intellectual leaders of our time. In these circumstances it is very inappropriate for these old men, no longer in touch with the time, to legislate for us and our juniors who will be living in a vastly changed world. There is at the moment a regular campaign of the religious sects to slip in more religious, and even doctrinal, teaching into the schools while everybody's back is turned and attention is directed to the war. There is serious danger—as never before—of the sects composing their differences in order to face the State with a joint demand, a united front. Already some of their leaders have spoken in a most threatening way to the Board of Education, of a demand which the Board will be unable to resist. It is important that the Board's hand should be strengthened in this matter, and that it will act on the view that

the State is the proper guardian of the rights of the children as citizens to be.

I am not now concerned to consider changes in the organisation, curricula, etc., in the national system of education. I would only say that development should take the line of strengthening the vocational side. The education of children could be made much more real and effective by bringing it into closer relation with the natural and occupational background of their lives. In country districts for instance, it should be brought into relation with agriculture and horticulture. The school-gardens of wartime are an excellent institution. But the whole thing needs to be extended and systematised, linked up with science, biological and physical. One can see the enormous effect it could have in time in bringing about, what is so badly needed, a more scientific attitude to agriculture in this country. One can see the link-up of the country schools with the Agricultural Training Colleges and rural colleges of the Cambridgeshire type. It would mean a new impulse in the training of teachers, which should be, like the new education in these schools, less bookish, more practical. And similarly for industrial districts and towns, where the schools could be brought into closer relation with industries and crafts, and education directed towards the sciences, social as well as physical. Naturally, for secondary education looking to the universities, the course would be less practical, and more intellectual and literary.

But ultimately more important than questions of curricula and examinations, is the whole question of the relation of the educational system to the social structure of the country. At present it reflects all too accurately the pre-last-war class divisions which are in process of being transformed. We need to remove the dead hand of the old social order upon education: that is why there has been no new vital impulse in English education since Morant and the Act of 1902. Have you ever observed, for example, the real function of the governors of secondary schools? It is nothing to do with education as such, for they have nothing to contribute. Their real function is to keep an eye on the activities of the teachers and see that they don't say anything too progressive in school—or for that matter, out of school. They exercise a very powerful dissuasive influence, keeping teachers from playing their proper part in the political and social life of the country. I have noticed that influence operating with a number of school-teachers in my experience. No wonder school-teachers as a class suffer from inferiority complex, that there is something feeble about them corporately. It is due to the system under which they have been brought up.

We need to do two things to free them and enable them to play their proper part. First, we should abolish the useless, or pernicious, system of governors of secondary schools: they contribute nothing to education: they are just watch-dogs of an effete social order that is going under anyway. Secondly, we need to bring all teachers together into one great National Union of Teachers, without snobbish divisions between secondary school and elementary school-teachers, between headmasters and assistant masters, etc.; and then to bring the whole organisation, along with other black-coated workers such as civil servants, into the Trades Union Congress. It would have a good effect on both. It would enable the teachers to see themselves as part of the organised body of workers in the community; it would give them a new confidence, a new pride in their job and enable them to make their contribution in the shaping of the new social order.

A. L. ROWSE

TALKERS

THE meeting took place in the upper room of a public house off the Strand. About twelve men were present, workers who had come along to talk very seriously about life. Later, after four or five hours' talk, we would boil the verbatim notes down, pick out five men, and a twenty-minute broadcast would be made of what they had all said. There is in England at the moment a profound eagerness for serious discussion, which has little outlet in the press, on the air or in public life, a tremendous moral and intellectual ferment. And workers speak on the air with a greater naturalness, vivacity and display of character than all but the most gifted educated broadcasters.

The men who were waiting for us in their navy blue suits and very polished shoes in the London public house were a more varied collection than we usually met. There was a Trade Union district organiser, a one-time miner, grey-haired, heavy shouldered and with poor, peering eyesight. He brought a bus driver. This driver brought his conductor, a Durham man with a gentle voice, who sounded tedious and litigious first of all but who startled us in the end by declaiming like a saint, a sort of St. Francis of the buses. He had been buried alive in Gallipoli in a sap under the Turkish lines, he had been in the Arctic. He believed that the only important things that influence a man are the things that come to him in solitude, and he was a mystic. I think it was the bus driver—a man who didn't like to talk much—who brought the clerk, and the clerk, I believe, brought his cynical barber, a pock-marked fellow of shocking honesty. There was a blunt, earnest crane driver from the London docks who could not face the pub's cheese because he had been unloading it all day and then there was a large corporal from the Grenadier Guards very politically minded, who started us all off by saying he got his promotion for keeping his mouth shut. Our meetings have not always been so haphazard. We've gone to the Trade Unions, to factory managers—"You'd better have Jim. He's a flaming Red and would you like the man he's always quarrelling with?"—if the intellectual content looks as though it will need stiffening we go to the W.E.A. What we avoid, on the whole, is the bane of working-class broadcasting: the "character." Occasionally a "character" does turn up. There was an extraordinary cripple who went about the country in a propelled chair dealing in clothes props, rabbit skins and matches. He was a churchwarden, who got into hot-tempered arguments with his two enemies, lay and spiritual, the police and Jehovah's Witnesses, a student of economics, a connoisseur of beer and a festive, Rabelaisian consumer of life, who had a deep and genuine dislike of art and literature. We were talking across the table, quietly, about the shortage of cigarettes and matches. "I can find you anything," he whispered, "cripples always get the goods." But character, the common rather than the extraordinary, turns out as a rule to be the more rewarding.

In Wales we had discussed manual labour and culture; in Yorkshire we had asked, What is a good man? In Berkshire, What is the home? In Wales again, Can we control our future? This night, in the Strand, the question was: How does a man form his opinions, his real opinions, as distinguished from those he gets from the newspapers? Any working-class group soon splits up into the fundamental human types: the materialist, the idealist, the humanist, the authoritarian, the good fellow, the sceptic and even the mystic. "It's all in environment." "It's all in the breed." "It comes from God." "You can't trust men." "You must trust men." I have seen these types spring out at once among the miners of North Wales, among the quarrymen and the Yorkshire millhands. And before long, the lack of subtlety in the arguments—all the defects of an argument conducted by untrained minds—has become unimportant, before the force of personality, the emotional and moral strength of the working-class character. The victims of copybook education, these men rely chiefly on experience. One comes from a world of collapsing values into one which appears to have untouched resources. How have they preserved them? By the strength of family life—the extraordinary devotion to the mother, which has come out in all these meetings—by the discipline of poverty, by the acceptance of struggle, by their instinctive conservatism? For example, do they want the crèche and communal life? The aircraft workers did not. They wanted the home and even the large family. Economic independence for women? The majority said, "No." Did they want boarding schools? No. But they wanted a disciplined life, almost military, for youths between 16 and 20: "the most important years of a young man's life." Did they want economic security? Yes, before everything else, until one or two—among them a Trade Union official of 40 who had fought in several great strikes—voiced the fear that the workers were already losing the spiritual, emotional and cultural richness of their fighting days. It was generally agreed—these were Welshmen—that the very young were already weakened by security and were taking the rewards without preserving the faith. We have heard a good deal about slackness in the factories. One of our broadcasting parties from an aircraft factory asked to be driven back to their factory on the night of the broadcast, instead of going on the spree in London, because they did not want to lose the time at their machines. (They were working 12 hours a day.) And I especially remember a fitter from a Welsh mine who stood out alone against those who argued that the sense of community and culture were declining in the working class and who argued that in the modern world the community was the nation—I remember it was this man who refused the thrill and pay of broadcasting, because he didn't trust anyone else to carry on his important job while he was away.

Have the younger generation deteriorated? On the whole the most interesting men and the best speakers are men between 30 and 50; the young men of twenty show up very poorly. I speak of those I have met. It may be that the best are in the Forces. But I think a possible explanation is that experience has to be the substitute for education in the working class; and naturally the young working-class man has little experience and none of that facility which the extra years of education give to the most conventional mind of the middle class. Anyway, our Guardsman apart, we have failed with the very young. He made a striking remark, "I formed my opinions after *seeing* the horrors of life in the Bermondsey slums. I sometimes think we feel with our eyes."

In Wales we have met, of course, with the most eloquence, a measured nobility of utterance:

> "I have always been a fighter. When I was 16 I went to work in a tile works. But in the second week I got the sack. I got the sack because I str-ruck the foreman. He was my uncle. So I went to Eng-land and worked in a steel yard. But I did not stay long. I str-ruck the manager a blow and again I got the sack. The manager had made observations insulting to my nation."

But I remember the Durham bus conductor:

> "I am pained this evening by everything I hear. What are a man's opinions? The life of man is like a tree and he may be strong like an oak or shallow-rooted like an elm. His opinions are but the leaves growing on his branches, fluttering there for a season and then falling to the ground. But the trunk, the race, the breed remains. . . ."

In Yorkshire, we heard those implacable, courteous collisions of northern opinion:

> "Mr. Brown has said, isn't that so, that the best blankets are made in Witney."
>
> "I say they are and I can prove it."
>
> "Let him prove it."
>
> "Allow me, this is my argument. I have a sure means of proving to you that the best blankets are made in Witney."
>
> "I will listen to your proofs, but I have an argument you will not be able to answer."

Interjection from smallholder: "If they finished, come ten o'clock, happen ah'll have a pint."

Our one failure—it was a lately industrialised rural area of contented people in the south of England—was a gathering which had no outstanding character or power of discussion. It led me to believe that on top of experience the worker needs political background. Without political experience the worker's mind lacks a structure. Very rarely does religion alone provide it, and almost never an understanding of any of the arts.

We packed up after the bus conductor's speech in the London pub. A sticky, shy meeting to begin, it had become almost eloquent and excited. The men said, "Why can we not meet every week? We never hear good talk." In Wales, in Yorkshire, the same words were said. "Why doesn't the B.B.C. do more of this? We've been working together in the same factory for years, but until you came, we did not know one another or one another's opinions." The meetings end with emotion.

Yet most of these men are Trades Union members. They know each other chiefly, it seems, through political cliches or party beliefs. But behind that there is an unsatisfied desire for communication; and in a body of society that has enormous reserves of reflection and moral feeling. Another remark that is made by the employers of the men is: "I did not know my chaps could talk like that." These meetings have been the most moving experience I have had since the war.

V. S. PRITCHETT

RONALD KIDD

"Und eine Freiheit macht uns alle frei."
(There can be no individual liberty without general liberty).

In the past few months the Council for Civil Liberties has lost both its President and its first secretary. It is the President who should be speaking now, but as he is no longer with us I have been asked to give a short address.* I do so reluctantly; but I see that an address is necessary, for Ronald Kidd was a public figure, and it is seemly that there should be some public discourse here, however inadequate.

Those who knew him best, better than I did, will agree with me, I think, that the public side in him, the civic side, the side that serves humanity, was superbly developed. Of course he had his personal life, like the rest of us, but it is this altruistic activity that so impressed, this service of the elusive principle which we call liberty; which we can none of us define, but in which we all believe. I suppose he must have had an enthusiasm for liberty all his life, but it became noticeable in 1934, when he called together a few others who shared his hopes and his anxieties, and founded this Council. I was not one of the original group, but I joined soon afterwards, and I well remember our original offices. They were in a mews. The staircase was so narrow that one could scarcely get up it, and the room at the top was so small that one could scarcely turn round. There was no organisation and no staff. And from that room Kidd hired a great hall down in Westminster, and convened there the great meeting of protest against the Sedition Bill which first brought our Council into general notice. From that moment he never looked back, he moved from enterprise to enterprise, and he not only achieved himself: he left foundations upon which others are building and will build. The little room has become a suite of offices, the reaching out of individual to individual has become a great national organisation with branches and affiliations all over the British Isles, and indeed, outside them. That Sedition Bill I mentioned—the B.B.C. would not report it, but when Ronald Kidd died this week accounts of his life and work were broadcast over the Continent and the Empire as well as at home.

That is fame. That is success. But here is something more to remember. He gave to that work all his strength, and he did, literally, die that we might be free. If he had cared for our freedom less, if he had worked less, if he had nursed his health and considered his own comfort, he could have been alive now, though it could not have been a life he valued. I know the political and philosophical difficulties inherent in this idea of freedom: freedom for what: freedom to do what: freedom at whose expense, and so on? As a conception it is negative: but as a faith it is positive, and Ronald Kidd upheld it till his dying day.

When during his last illness I went down to see him in his private residence and later in the hospital, I found him still concentrated on the Council and its work, on our annual general meeting which he could not attend, on his pamphlet "The Fight for a Free Press," which has just appeared. He knew he was ill and he could discuss his symptoms, but they never held the first rank, as they do with ordinary invalids.

This is not the place—nor have I the ability—to discuss his outlook, or to illustrate the various methods through which he worked, pamphlets, speeches, interviews with Cabinet Ministers, visits to police stations and police courts, street watchings—all played their part. One thing strikes me, though, and that is why I quoted that line from Schiller: he knew that freedom is not the perquisite of any one section of the community: neither the employing classes nor the working classes nor the artistic and literary classes can be truly free unless all are free. That—unformulated perhaps—was his belief, and perhaps that was why such contradictory judgments were passed on him by those who had not worked with him. I have heard him accused in different quarters of being a Communist, a Gladstonian Liberal, a secret agent, the wrong sort of Irishman and a hopeless John Bull. Happy the man who is accused of so much for it proves that his mind is alive. Kidd was active, whenever he saw the possibility of promoting and extending civil liberty. He was tethered to no other formula.

When a man dies, he becomes part of history and one thinks of historical parallels and it occurs to me to-day—I don't know whether you will agree—that there was in our friend something of the Ancient Roman, the Tribune of the People, who contends that the *Res Publica* should be the possession of all. Even in his outward habit I see something of this; in his gravity, his courtesy, his eloquence. I see it still more in his selflessness, his stubborn courage, his loyalty, his refusal to admit defeat, his adherence to principles. There is here something that suggests the grandeur and the sternness of certain heroes of the ancient world, and their strife for an individual liberty compatible with civic righteousness. May his example remain with us. May we continue the fight that is never done.

E. M. FORSTER

*This address was delivered by Mr. Forster at the funeral of Ronald Kidd on May 16th.

POLLYANNA

Pollyanna . . . a lady of almost incredible optimism . . . who has come back to life now at week-ends to hover over platforms occupied by M.Ps.—Col. Oliver Stanley, House of Commons, 19th May.

WHO is this fairy, who is she
Who leaps upon the statesman's knee?
We learn on good authority,
Pollyanna.

A merry fay, a sunshine sprite
Who keeps the War Departments bright,
The weary minister's delight,
Pollyanna.

When confidence has been upset
Who may in Downing Street be met
Emerging from the Cabinet?
Pollyanna.

By Attlee's side (unseen) she trips,
Sometimes she lights on Eden's lips,
She has been said to call on Cripps,
Pollyanna.

She in a rainbow cloud descends,
The Board of Trade on her depends,
She goes with M.Ps for week-ends,
Pollyanna.

The Government, beneath her spell
Reports, between defeats, "All's well!"
But England says "O, go to hell
Pollyanna!"

SAGITTARIUS

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Six Scottish Painters, at the Lefevre

This exhibition does more to excite than to satisfy our curiosity about the younger generation of Scottish painters, and it would be rash to base any decided judgment on so limited a number of works. The most interesting pictures in this show are by Willlam Gillies and John Maxwell. Gillies has a sensitive and bold colour-sense, and his work is the easiest to enjoy of any in the Exhibition. He is, incidentally, as much at home in water-colour as in oils. Maxwell paints quite remarkably, and some passages in the pictures here shown have extraordinary richness and beauty. But it is difficult not to think his drawing often affected: the *gaucherie* is so obviously calculated. The vague quadruped, for instance, called a "circus pony" cannot be taken as a personal vision, for it has hacked round Montparnasse these twenty years. Colquhoun, who has looked at Graham Sutherland, is highly accomplished; MacBryde, who has looked at Piper as well as Sutherland, strikes us as still uncertain of his aim. Edward Baird's small painting of Montrose has charm, but the big "Unidentified Aircraft" is little more than a poster. William Johnstone is not, we hope, represented by his best work. In the same gallery is a collection of water-colours and drawings, including good work by Sickert, Nina Hamnett, Moore, Sutherland, Frances Hodgkins, Duncan Grant, Katharine Church and John Craxton—the last a young painter of whom we wish to see more.

THE MOVIES

"Next of Kin," at the London Pavilion.
"Woman of the Year," at the Empire.

There was a time—not so very long ago—when English films flowed along opposite sides of a street. Reality and fiction, the documentary and the feature—every film kept to one side or the other, and disastrous was the occasional attempt to cross over. Some energy as well as imagination was needed to bring the two together. Audiences had their weakness for the sunny side, the villas and shop fronts of Filmlandia. There everything was posed and gaudy, and the sham fascinated. But, with war exerting its pressure, the glamour of daydreams faded, naturalism came into its own. The film fixed in reality no longer had to carry a ridiculously unreal plot. *Next of Kin*, like *One of Our Aircraft is Missing*, is an admirable example of the new kind of English film, actual, thrilling, and taking its tune from events. It compares well with the reconstructions of war incidents favoured by the Russians. A raid on the French coast is planned; the Commandos are picked and spend a week rehearsing the attack over similar ground; their embarkation is covered by the departure of a convoy. All this has been elaborated secretly, under the watch of Security Officers, and yet the plan half-miscarries, the landings are met by Nazi dive-bombers and a drove of tanks. "Our objectives were attained, but losses were very heavy," says the wireless announcer, in tones we know too well. The film gives us the whole episode from buoyant preparation to tragic climax, and the leakages that have warned the enemy in time are beautifully interwoven. *Next of Kin* is rather more than a spy story with an unfamiliar background; the detail everywhere is curious and surprising, with something of the fascination of a Simenon crime being unravelled. A Wing-Commander, of course, leaves his despatch-case in a restaurant too long;

soldiers talk in bars; an enemy agent breathes dulcet messages in a telephone booth with Fougasse's "Careless Talk Costs Lives" pasted on the glass; a double murder in a seaside bookseller's shop is made to look like suicide. The irony of casual encounters, with the machinery they swiftly set in motion, gives the film its atmosphere and raises it above a cautionary tale. The director, Thorold Dickinson, makes the most of his material, and his cutting imparts not only speed but a touch of imagination. There is no spotlighting of stars, but I must mention Mervyn Johns's faultless performance as an enemy agent. His drab melancholy and moments of decisive action are admirably designed to shock.

Woman of the Year has two brilliant stars and one of those ideas that float round Hollywood for years. The cribbers have been hard at work, and *Woman of the Year* shows us again the woman with a career who takes on a husband too. Do careers interfere, does the husband rebel? Little advance seems to have been made with this theme since it first popped up, but the stars do the trick. Katharine Hepburn, looking hungrier and more wonderful than ever, gives polyglot parties, writes a column on international affairs, gets chosen as America's "Outstanding Woman of the Year," and marries in the meanwhile Spencer Tracy, who covers baseball matches for the same newspaper. The cat-and-dog episodes are delicious; especially one remembers a wedding night, with Tracy sitting in a back room in a dressing gown while a committee welcomes a distinguished refugee, and a quarrel that results in Katharine Hepburn attempting to cook breakfast as a wife should. Between them they have enough charm to keep any ball rolling. WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Correspondence

PUBLIC SCHOOLS

SIR,—In your issue of May 16th, Mr. A. L. Rowse refers, in the course of an article on "Public Schools and the Educational System," to certain discussions between the Headmasters' Conference and the Board of Education. The facts are not as Mr. Rowse states them, but there is no reason why they should be, as he could not know what they are. It is surprising, though, that he should think he does.

There is one fact to which he does not refer that is worth mentioning, as it has some bearing on the whole question. Proposals which would have made it possible for the public schools to co-operate with the national system of education were not suddenly produced at the beginning of the present war. They were first made by the Headmasters' Conference in 1918 and 1919, a period when the public schools were in a stronger financial position than at any other in their history. It is true that nothing came of these earliest steps. That is not an unusual fate for first approaches. But their nature may be realised from a sentence in a letter from the President of the Board of Education, Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, who said, referring to the attitude of the Headmasters' Conference: "It represents a sincere desire to make the public system of education as comprehensive, as accessible, and as effective as possible, and a readiness to co-operate with the Board of Education which I am bound to acknowledge with gratitude."

When Mr. Rowse describes the suggestions of the Headmasters' Conference as arising directly from the financial situation due to the outbreak of the present war, he is not writing good history. R. BIRLEY

BITTER ENDERS

SIR,—The letter of Mr. Walter Auerbach is another example of how wishful thinking can lead to wrong conclusions. I am sure that Mr. Auerbach is not the only person in England who has the possibility of seeing reliable reports or to judge the psychological situation in Germany. At any rate, so far as past experience shows, the judgment of Mr. Auerbach and his friends did not prove very conclusive either on economic, political or psychological situations. But what I rather consider dangerous is to find at the end of Mr. Auerbach's letter that he accuses Professor Pragier of "ignoring the facts regarding the development since 1939 of heavy industry in Poland, Czechoslovakia and Germany." It would have been most valuable if Mr. Auerbach had been more explanatory, and would have told us what he means by that. The economists in the different Allied Governments, socialists and non-socialists, know very well what has been going on in these countries since 1939. They ignore it, because if they did not ignore it, it would mean the acceptance of the domination of Germany's heavy industry, one of the causes for Germany—not Hitlerite Germany—going to war. Or does Mr. Auerbach accept the suggestion of some other Germans that what Hitler has brought together, nobody else should take apart?

WALTER LOEB

MOTHERHOOD INSURANCE

SIR,—Is it generally realised how deficient is our present scheme of National Health Insurance where motherhood is concerned? At present social insurance does not deal with the insured pregnant woman as such at all, and only in a fragmentary way with the new mother. At a time when so many married women are being drawn into war industry, surely this is a matter of the gravest urgency? If medical science has not taught us that the health of the mother and baby is vital to the health of the community as a whole, then it has taught us nothing.

The law on the matter is quite plain, though current practice tends to confuse things to some extent. According to the National Health Insurance Act, which does not regard pregnancy as a sickness entitling to benefit, the only time an expectant mother can obtain benefit is when she is incapable of work. In that case the doctor is permitted to sign a medical certificate stating that the woman is suffering from "pregnancy plus . . ." some complication. "Incapability" is a broad term, and the Approved Society may query the doctor's interpretation of it. I have come across a number of cases where a woman who is not technically incapable of working, but has, nevertheless, had to give up work because of her condition, suffers considerable financial hardship through the provisions of this Act, by being debarred both from sickness and unemployment benefit.

But even if a woman is reasonably fit throughout pregnancy, what sort of law is it which encourages her to work up to the last days of pregnancy? During the last month no woman should endure the strain of industrial work, which is not the healthful beneficial thing that housework, done quietly and in one's own time, should be to the expectant mother. It is a fact, which I have checked for myself during visits to antenatal hostels in the evacuation areas, that a last fortnight of complete rest and quiet before the confinement may make a great deal of difference at the time of delivery. Yet, although in some cases sickness benefit is paid on account of advanced pregnancy, there is no rule about this, and not the least certainty of getting it.

Many women, of course, leave their work months before the baby is due without even applying for benefit. These are the luckier ones, who can afford the luxury of home during pregnancy. Not all are so lucky. But even under the most favourable conditions there is one great snag, too little realised by the insured woman herself: if she leaves work and is technically neither sick nor unemployed, her insurance contributions lapse and her title to subsequent N.H.I. benefits for the next 2½ years suffers in consequence.

Maternity benefit of £2 (£4 if the husband is an insured worker) is payable at confinement, but this is to cover the cost of delivery and lying-in. Both the Factory Act and the National Health Insurance Act provide that no woman shall work in a factory within a month after the birth of her baby. During this period she is legally debarred from drawing national health sickness benefit, a peculiar anomaly which seems inhuman as well as unwise.

From the health point of view, especially as regards the importance of breast-feeding, it is highly advisable

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JONATHAN CAPE

that every woman should have her maternal instincts fortified with cash payments during a period of at least two months after confinement. Practically all medical authorities realise the vital importance of breast-feeding, and before the war most of the civilised countries of the world acknowledged this, and the rights of the mother generally, by the appropriate legislation. Great Britain, for some reason, has always resisted any change in social insurance legislation. The Beveridge Committee which is now sitting on the whole position of social insurance is expected to make far-reaching recommendations, and it is hoped that the mothers will receive some consideration. But the above Committee is deliberating in terms of post-war changes. These mothers in industry need something done for them now. Many married women to-day have been absorbed by war production to dilute labour; their appointments are for the duration only; in many cases their homes have been broken up; their normal family wage-earners are in the Forces. The working mother of to-day works in the factories because her own financial situation as well as her patriotism demands it. When motherhood interferes with her wage-earning capacity, she has no certain means of relief except P.A.

Taking all the above into consideration, day nurseries, with all their undoubted value, do not begin to touch the real problem of the mother in industry.

MARGARET KORNITZER

CHILD CRUELTY

SIR,—Was it the lately revered W. H. Auden who suggested that one of the first signs of decadence in a nation was a priority interest in dumb animals? Miss Baillie—and you, sir—are seriously perturbed at the allegedly appalling picture and prospect presented by our future men and women wantonly hurting birds. A. S. Neill moralises about the causes of this "sadism." I feel this is a red herring drawn across the dwindling pages of the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. If Neill has risen, other correspondents will be drawn into the battle of rationalisation by their adult revulsions.

Child cruelty to animals can, of course, arise from sadistic impulses, in which case home environments need looking into. But in many cases it means nothing more sinister than experimentation with a mechanical toy. In others the child is simply having a game in which no realisation of an animal's suffering plays any part. Actual instance: tying cotton round a wasp's waist and flying it like a miniature kite—a feat requiring considerable skill and possessing the element of danger which somehow adds virtue to maturer sport with larger game. Read bird for wasp and you have a finer instance of sadism from the adult viewpoint, a finer game from the child's.

Talks and lessons, as you suggest, may effect changes of behaviour in children. They might stop Quebec farmers from driving nails into cows, or British gentlemen from driving dogs on to foxes. So what? Is it the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION's job in the midst of war and paper-famine to devote space to discussion of the means for alleviating what is, at worst, a minor symptom?

To put it tritely: our job is to build a world where men will no longer want to kill and torture men. Given that we may be able to proceed to a stage where kids will no longer want to kill and torture birds. I think Neill's generalisations are too much based on the problem-child minority. But the child minority who hurt animals because they hate life and love self and the adult minority who hate and hurt are the same problem at two stages. Neill's initial intuition was nearer the mark than his more considered opinion—a common virtue with brilliant educationalists.

In so far as Neill is right, I believe, sir, that you are wrong in advocating a partial cure of the symptom. For 20 years before September 1939 we poured out talks and lessons. We were waving our Tanaka memoranda nearly ten years ago. And so on. We were right all along the line, every time. We made the mistake in a big way that by talks and lessons we could remove a symptom and effect a change in behaviour which would be "immediately useful." It seems unrealistic to advocate these discredited tactics again now. It's the people who haven't the symptoms and haven't the disease who must get down to removing the causes. And as Neill suggests for kids, so for adults—action not words. The undiseased are probably a majority. The NEW STATESMAN AND NATION should be rallying and educating them. Not, surely, advocating pep talks for the sick.

Whether you cut out the leopard's spots with a B.B.C. jack-knife or a "New Statesman" scapula, the result is, not a giraffe, but a leopard more painfully aware of his identity. Removal of the unsightly blemishes may effect useful changes in behaviour in one direction, but incalculable changes in other directions will only produce a new problem. Let us giraffes not try to reform leopards into our herbivorous ways, we'll only make them unhappy. But by all means let there be more giraffes and fewer leopards. "Birth control for leopards" is a better slogan for giraffes than "Pity the poor carnivores."

B. WILLCOCK

SIR,—Your comment on A. S. Neill's letter is incorrect. Neill does not overlook the ability to change behaviour: he contends that a change in behaviour in itself gets us nowhere. "Hypocrisy is the homage that vice renders to virtue"—but vice it remains. What is so horrifying in Miss Baillie's letter is the miserable emotional tangle in the mind of these children which it reveals; the problem is to get children *not to want* to do such things, for their own sake and so for humanity's. Neill does, I think, sometimes tend to overlook the ability of the conscious to react back on the unconscious: provided that the motive for the change in behaviour is neither fear of punishment nor sense of guilt, change in behaviour can encourage change in desire and accelerate it. But the dispelling of unhappiness, in detail and in general, must take first place.

STELLA JACKSON

CONSCIOUS SELF-CONTROL

SIR,—Your reviewer Harry Roberts seems to conclude regretfully that there is nothing more in F. M. Alexander's technique of re-education than "an exaggerated belief in the influence of posture on health." He says: "Why does not Alexander explain what he has discovered in terms that mean something to the reasonably intelligent reader?"

Now Alexander *does* say what he means, but unfortunately, what he means by what he says is not what Roberts takes it to mean. So great is the gap, the disparity, between the experience underlying what Alexander writes and the experience which forms the basis of Roberts's interpretation of the writing, that Roberts cannot see anything "new" in it. This is inevitable where the distance between the old and the new is very great, and Alexander's difficulty has always been to make his discoveries intelligible to the "reasonably intelligent reader." Realising that the reader must employ old beliefs and ideas to apprehend and understand the new, he contents himself with indicating the bridge between the old and the new, leaving the individual to find out the new for himself. Aldous Huxley says of his work: "No verbal description can do justice to a technique which involves the changing of an individual's sensory experiences. A verbal description would mean something only to the person who had actually had the experience described."

Harry Roberts turns up his nose at the 19 doctors who wrote in the *British Medical Journal* urging the profession to acknowledge Alexander's discovery, but surely this was a remarkable tribute from the doctors who wrote it and the journal which published it—a tribute such as is rarely paid to a layman by the profession.

I assure Roberts that Alexander's teaching can, and must, revolutionize the whole basis of preventive medicine. And if the book he reviewed has brought him to the point where "he realises he must go to Alexander for lessons," what is holding him back?

WILFRED BARLOW

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PHILIP PAGE

in publication-day review in the DAILY MAIL

ROBERT HALE

E. H. Carr's

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"The book is important, and must be studied by everyone who claims to think about war and peace . . . It is moderate, courageous, and in its views on the future has a statesmanship which will confirm the wise in their faith and enlighten many who have been bewildered by the fanatics." *New Statesman and Nation.*

12/6

MACMILLAN

BOOKS IN GENERAL

On May 28th, 1777, Mrs. Thrale made an entry in her commonplace-book:

> I had a White Hat on lined with Pink—the Weather was hot & the Room we sat in full of Windows—Sister says Lady Lade surely you have got a Mushroom on your Head—but no wonder here—for I'm sure this is a House they might grow in.

How is it, I ask myself, that these trivial words give me a shock of pleasure as acute as if they were great poetry? They fire a whole train, I suppose, of memories, associations and images. First, there is the prettiness of Mrs. Thrale under her big round hat sitting in her big room with the sun pouring in; then her sister-in-law, Lady Lade, makes just the remark that sisters-in-law always like to make; next I see, in the Streatham background, Johnson twisting his fingers, stamping his feet, overbearing everyone by his vehemence in argument; and Thrale solemnly gorging his green geese and his pine-apples; and Fanny Burney, small, censorious, quiet—a model for Miss Austen's Fanny Price, but fifty times cleverer; and behind these Burke, Garrick, Goldsmith, Reynolds, Baretti, Boswell, Mrs. Montagu—a widening circle of figures in whose company I delight. Such one-sided friendship with men and women of the past is one of the few pleasures that increase as one passes through middle age. One's friends die, one makes few new friends, but one falls back upon intimacy with those who cannot be taken away because they are dead long since. I count Mrs. Thrale among my favourites. She has not the delicacy of Mlle. de Lespinasse or Lady Bessborough, the gentleness and beauty of Mme. Récamier, the resolution and intellectual power of Mme. de Staël. But she is gay, intelligent, spontaneous, well-informed, brimming with curiosity and the love of life. A widow of 43, she married a man of her own age with whom she was in love: whereupon her daughters, her closest friends, Dr. Johnson and Fanny Burney (to both of whom she had been immeasurably good), and most of her acquaintances, would have nothing more to do with her. Thrale had been gross, dull and licentious; Piozzi was amiable, animated and, it appears, faithful. But it was thought socially unpardonable for the widow of a brewer to marry a professional musician. Even though Mrs. Thrale displayed her passion with a vigour unsuited to her years, the conduct of her friends reveals the vulgarity of the values accepted by a society in many ways charming and civilised.

In 1776, when she had been married thirteen years, Mrs. Thrale was given by her husband six blank quarto books in which to write what struck her fancy. The French miscellany called *Ménagiana* was one of the most popular books of the time (it can still be recommended to the bookish), and it had many successors in France. Dr. Johnson advised Mrs. Thrale to follow this example. She persevered in filling these blank pages for thirty-three years, till the death of her second husband. And now for the first time the manuscript has been printed in two noble volumes by the Clarendon Press and edited by an American scholar with exemplary care and discrimination.* No book so interesting to the lover of the English eighteenth century has appeared for many years. Another American, Mr. J. L. Clifford, recently gave us an admirable Life of Mrs. Piozzi (Oxford Press), in which he used some of this material: Hayward also had access to it for his bad edition of her letters. But less than one-fourteenth of the manuscript has been previously printed.

The *Thraliana* begin as a collection chiefly of anecdotes and occasional verses, but they grow more intimate as the years pass, and the writer pours into them, as into a diary, her desires and hopes and fears. As we read, therefore, we watch a long panorama of the period, composed of the details that struck a clever and perceptive woman, and at the same time we watch the woman herself, mercurial, indignant, witty, plaintive, inquisitive, and—as we all are, when alone with our thoughts—comically vain. The verses for the most part are matter for skipping. Mrs. Thrale herself protests that the book is madly selected, and awkwardly put together; but the oddity adds vastly to the charm. Whereas Horace Walpole writes always with an eye cocked on posterity, Mrs. Thrale is an impulsive woman caring only for what strikes her at the moment. She knew French, Italian, Spanish, Latin, Greek, and some Hebrew. She was interested in domestic economy and natural history no less than in literature and history. She notes frequently the varying prices of food. "Eggs four for one Shilling only in Bath Market, and Beef Mutton &c the *coarse Pieces*, 9d o'Pound Veal at 11d½ God mend all !!!" She notes the weather—as a rule, characteristically, its remarkable fineness; she notes the appearance of the first lilac, the first cuckoo; she makes experiments to discover the longevity of the Domestick Fowl. "Why," she cries, "will Buffon so roundly affirm the Impossibility of taming a Hyaena? I have myself seen one so tame that I stroaked it." We know already how observant she was from the excellent Travels she published, but the *Thraliana* reveal her observation as it were on the wing.

She is no less acute about herself than about her friends:

> My Mind is an active whirling Mind, which few Things can stop to disturb, & if disturbed, it soon recovers its Strength & its Activity.
>
> I have a great deal more Prudence than People suspect me for . . . when I err, tis because I make a false Conclusion, not because I make no Conclusion at all. When I rattle, I rattle *on purpose*.
>
> The Pleasure of recollecting past Conversations endears even mute Objects to one's Mind, and I love the dwarf Apple Trees My Mother planted better than all the Woods of Fontainebleau.

When she was asked—before she met Piozzi—if she had ever been in love:

> With myself said I, & most passionately. when any Man likes me I never am surprized, for I think how should he help it? when any Man does *not* like me, I think him a Blockhead, & there's an End of the matter.

Her accounts of Thrale convince — good-tempered, slow to take offence, extremely reserved, not loved by his servants, "very partial to his wife's understanding tho' little tender of her Person." She made a general rule never to object and seldom to propose. He refuses to hurry even when she is about to miscarry, and he cuts down her trees though he knows she would "lose both her ears as willingly." She thought him "nearly the handsomest Man in England," while he regulated his venal loves, and told her so, by the Rule of which girl was most in fashion. He brought on his death by gluttony. Mrs. Thrale's comment upon the subsequent sale of the brewery reveals her constant pride in her birth:

> I have by this Bargain purchased Peace & a stable Fortune; Restoration to my original Rank in Life, and a Situation undisturbed by Commercial Jargon, unpolluted by Commercial Frauds . . .

At once everyone wants to marry her—everyone except "my dear, my delicate, my disinterested Piozzi." Already she is in love with him, as Fanny Burney told her. She dismisses him to Italy to please her daughters; she grows ill with misery; she recalls him. And just before the wedding, she writes: "If I *am* blest with obtaining the Man . . . the only Man I ever could have loved, I verily believe it will be only because the Almighty will not leave such Virtue as his—unrewarded." Was ever writer so deliciously unguarded?

The obloquy with which her odious daughters treated her second marriage provoked her to return their contempt:

> When I looked at the Alehouse in Harrow Corner where my first Husband told me he was born . . . I could not but admire at the Insolence of his Daughters pretending to despise a Woman of my Birth Talents & Fortune as unfit to keep them Company. Good Heavens what a World is this!!

Yet she suffered. "So wise, so good, so amiable," she says of Queeney, "Did she but love *me* as I do her, or half as well! how much happier we should be!" Affronted by so many of her old circle, she decided that English people were "most agreeable abroad." Nevertheless she continued to entertain: "Mem: we have always had some Nobleman in Company on our Wedding Day Dinner." Then there was the pleasure of Brynbella, her new house in Wales, of scribbling in verse and prose, of writing handbills to save a poor Dwarf from changing his Show-Box for a prison, of adopting a nephew of Piozzi's. He must have been a good husband, for she seldom voices a complaint. But the world was going from bad to worse. She groans over the "modish vice," deploring the *moeurs* of Mrs. Damer, Horace Mann and Cardinal York. And the French Revolution encourages her maggot for Scripture Prophecy: "Will *my* Explanation come true? will their Anarchy end in a *Decemvirate*, to make out the *Ten horns* which hate the Whore, & hurt her, & eat her Flesh, & utterly burn her with Fire? It looks promising enough to be sure. Nous verrons." Thus she grew older. Her friends died—so did "Warren the Cheese Monger, the deaf & dumb Fish Boy, with poor Mrs. Cooper who sold greens . . . Oh Frightful Times! Oh horrible Occurrences!" "Everyone going, going, going: & I have just got a new Bed Chamber *Clock*—how foolish!"—whereupon she improvises yet another set of stanzas. But she lived for twelve years after *Thraliana*, still busy with jottings, and gave a ball, at which she danced, on her eightieth birthday.

Most of the material in *Thraliana* about Dr. Johnson was used, not always very accurately, in the *Anecdotes* which are so important a supplement to Boswell. But these invaluable volumes contain new information—so much indeed that I propose to keep it for a later discussion. Her notes on Fanny Burney are a useful corrective to the accounts of their friendship in Mme. d'Arblay's Diaries. At first Mrs. Thrale found her touchy in a fashion explicable by her low breeding:

> Her Conversation would be more pleasing if she thought less of herself . . . she makes me miserable in many Respects—so restlessly & apparently anxious lest I should give myself Airs of Patronage, & load her with Shackles of Dependance—I live with her always in a Degree of Pain that precludes Freindship—dare not ask her to buy me a Ribbon, dare not desire her to touch the Bell, lest She should think herself injured.

Then Fanny becomes a paragon, "a saucy, spirited little puss but such dignity. I respect her above all living women." Then again, "I sometimes think Fanny Burney treacherous, but tis a sinful Thought & must not be indulged." At last comes the break. If indeed this was made, as Fanny avers, by Piozzi, I can only applaud his wisdom. For she was, I am afraid, a snob, a prude, and a sly-boots.

This book is a Potosi from which one could dig almost limitless riches. We hear Dr. Burney remark, "Saucing Musick with Dancing is like sweetening a Pine Apple with Treacle"; and Goldsmith, "Every Young Person setting out in Life should learn to love Gravy, I have known a Man disinherited merely for not loving Gravy." Of Burke, Mrs. Thrale records that he was "the first man I had ever seen drunk, or heard talk Obscaenely—when I lived with him & his Lady at Beaconsfield among Dirt Cobwebs Pictures and Statues." Here, too, is a story new to me

> Says a Gentleman who listen'd while Sterne was abusing Matrimony—Come, Come, Jesus Christ once honoured a Wedding with his presence—but between You & I replies Sterne, that was not the *best* thing he ever did.

To delight in such trivia may seem bizarre, or even frivolous, to those in whom anxiety for the future has bred indifference to the past. In the stress of a social and technical revolution many feel no longer the continuity of history. But there is in the world, there always has been, too little innocuous happiness. And those can count themselves lucky, I think, who, stragglers perhaps from a finished civilisation, retain a community of feeling with the amiable dead.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

* *Thraliana*. Edited by Katherine C. Balderstone. Oxford Press. 42*s*.

CONTEMPORARY

In My Good Books. By V. S. PRITCHETT. *Chatto and Windus.* 7s. 6d.

"If truth is the first casualty in war, the second is the literature of the period, especially the reflective literature," says Mr. Pritchett, opening his preface to his collected essays, *In My Good Books*. On analysis, the two casualties seem identical—or, at least, the second derives immediately from the first. There is more than war's bringing down "its medical date-stamp heavily" (and fatally) on every contemporary book. There is at present evident, in the reflective writer, not so much inhibition or dulling of his own feeling as an inability to obtain the focus necessary for art. One cannot reflect, or reflect on, what is not wholly in view. These years rebuff the imagination as much by being fragmentary as by being violent. It is by dislocations, by recurrent checks to his desire for meaning, that the writer is most thrown out. The imagination cannot simply endure events; for it the passive role is impossible. Where it cannot dominate, it is put out of action.

Time will give our confusion a perceptible character of its own. When to-day has become yesterday it will have integrated, into however grotesque a form. Until then, the desire for the whole picture must be satisfied by the contemplation of such whole pictures as already exist—in fact, of works of art that came into being either when there was a present that *could* be got into focus or when time had had time to act on what was already the past. The subsidence of modern prose writing of any power leaves us, says Mr. Pritchett, alone with the classics. While nothing can stay our wish that these should be added to—for the incompleteness of art is an endless stimulus, second only to life's felt incompleteness without the comment of art—we can readjust to the classics in this temporary pause. This release from our claustrophobia *is* possible—and these essays suggest how great the release can be. If at present we cannot write, and our friends cannot write, we can read. We can add the faculties for one act to the other and, possibly, make better readers than we have been. Any shake-up received by our sets of values may not, in its effects, have been bad. Our susceptibilities may have been heightened; their range has almost certainly increased. The classics have not changed, but we have.

Mr. Pritchett writes as a reader—a reader under conditions his preface shows and I have tried to discuss. The temperament of the last three years has been assimilated into his criticism. In having objectified this temperament and known how to put it to a positive use, he has made an advance on behalf of us all. He is contemporary in the exacting sense. As a critic he has occupied ground not yet touched by the novelists—of whom he is one. Ranging over (roughly) the last two hundred years, he has succeeded, by a series of implications, in throwing the years we are living into relief. Admittedly, he writes at a period when it is easier to contemplate books than contemplate life, and books are the subjects of his essays. But he goes direct through the form to the living matter. The great novel (he points out) at once attracts and intimidates but above all deludes us with its effect of finality. It may appear to reflect a perfected, synthesised world, of which its author shares the authority. This illusion a closer reading breaks down. The world enclosed in the great French, English and Russian novels proves as complex and shifting, as conflict and conscience-ridden as our own. The writers have used their power to articulate questions to which no one is qualified to reply. Mr. Pritchett, using the interim in which life seems impossible to bring into focus, studies great earlier attempts to focus life. For no artist, as for no insomniac, have the sheep he was trying to count ever stood still. One has to learn, apparently, to count the sheep that keep on jumping about.

Demonstrably, no conditions for writing have ever been really happy. Mr. Pritchett is out to define the weakness of a number of different writers' positions. Fielding, Constant, Turgenev, Thackeray, Zola, Lermontov, Gogol, Peacock, Dostoevski, Synge and Svevo—to instance a few of the subjects of these essays—each felt equivocally towards his own age. No attempt to create in a book (by means of satire, sentiment, religion, dramatic symbolism or picaresque simplification) the unity of which life is incapable ever wholly came off. The autobiographer and the diarist were a degree more happy; they could impose the however crazy unity of the "I." For the novelist the task of projection has been at all times, in all countries, differently difficult. Racial or personal make-up, place in society, adverse moral climate or deceptive experience have accounted for those imperfect detachments, those lesions in novelists. On what one might call the English lesions, Mr. Pritchett writes particularly well. Fielding and Thackeray made our only two notable attempts to get a grip on society; otherwise, in that direction we have been weak, as the French and Russians were not. Personal relationships, colour-clouded by sex and not placed or framed by any clear sense of economic realities have been, too much, the English preoccupation. To an extent, the world of the English novel has remained the provincial, if lively, world of the "I."

At the same time—this suggestion runs through the essays—the English have been victims rather than exponents of romanticism. They have been decades behind the rest of Europe in recognising its inevitable direction, its political dangerousness or its economic spring. To life England contributed Lord Byron, but it was to take the art of Stendhal, Lermontov, Turgenev, to show the romantic hero in play. The barricades as much as the tearful boudoir were to be the theatre of that temperament; to-day, the mutilated frontiers of Europe show the outcome of the romantic obsession. From the declamation on the eve of the duel to the Nazi monologue it has not really been such a far cry. It may be said (and Mr. Pritchett has said) that Fielding, before romanticism had got a name, isolated for notice the man of power: there is a new relevance in *Jonathan Wild*.

These essays, singly known to NEW STATESMAN AND NATION readers, gain by being collected. They assume an important relation to one another, and are in such order as to show the development of Mr. Pritchett's critical idea. For its homogeneity as a considered book, *In My Good Books* is not dependent upon its preface—too many prefaces to collections make rather transparent attempts to "bind." Here, the preface does no more than its proper duty in suggesting the lines, the contemporary nature and the personal object of Mr. Pritchett's approach to books read and re-read.

ELIZABETH BOWEN

A SALON OF GHOSTS

The Ground we Stand On. By JOHN DOS PASSOS. *Routledge.* 18s.

Mr. John Dos Passos is the perfect host. He keeps the most brilliant salon of ghosts to which I have ever been admitted. There is not one bore among them: the less distinguished of them make up in charm what they may lack in fame, and his social tact is such that in a few crowded minutes he gives us a sense of easy intimacy even with the greatest among them. I have known several of these ghosts distantly throughout my life, but for the first time, when I met them with Mr. Dos Passos at the head of the table, they unfroze and dropped their inhibitions and talked like living men. I will not pretend that John Lilburne and Benjamin Franklin had ever been stiff or shy, even when I met them in much less genial company, but of Jefferson and Sir Harry Vane I had always been a little bit afraid. I had heard Sir Harry in the Commons and listened to one of his mystical prayers at a Seeker's meeting till my knees ached, but now I have met him radiating youthful grace among the dour colonists of New England and I find him charming. As for Jefferson, for whom I had always felt a somewhat awe-stricken sympathy, I have to thank Mr. Dos Passos for putting me at my ease with him at last. I had always detested General Monk so cordially that I had hitherto refused to meet him, and hardly knew what his beery person looked like. But Mr. Dos Passos managed things with such perfect consideration that in his salon I got a revealing glimpse of this famous thug without embarrassment. I'm not sure that I share his admiration for all his ghosts. Even after several meetings I could not feel much respect for Joel Barlow, who was after all a shady speculator and a dreary poet, but I must admit that few ghosts talk better.

In plainer prose, Mr. Dos Passos has written an absorbing and delightful book which owes its success chiefly to his masterly skill in historical portraiture. He can present a character almost equally well in an impressionist sketch that covers a page or two, or at full length with the aid of detailed narrative and ample quotation. The book came to be written, he tells us, because this war drove him back in sympathy to the two periods when the foundations were laid of the liberal civilisation which we and the Americans are defending—the Civil War and the Commonwealth on this side of the Atlantic and the foundation of the Republic on the other. Half the book revolves round Roger Williams, the boldest advocate of toleration, his pioneering in New England and his wirepulling in London. But in the most natural way in life, while we follow this hero's fortunes we meet on easy terms Milton and John Lilburne, Sir Harry Vane, Winstanley, Prynne and many a Cromwellian soldier and Puritan divine. I cannot quite remember how De Foe managed to gate-crash into this company, but he did not look too shockingly out of date. The main figure in the second half of the book is Joel Barlow, who began his public life as a chaplain in Washington's army and ended it as the ambassador of the United States to France who got involved in Napoleon's retreat and perished of cold. In the interval he wrote bad but popular poems, and an answer to Burke only a little less famous than Tom Paine's; with him and Anacharsis Clootz he received French citizenship; he peddled options on land in Ohio in the Paris of the Directory and spent a thrilling year of peril in Algiers on a mission to buy the release of a hundred Yankee victims of its pirates. In his lively company we meet many men more famous than himself—above all, Jefferson, Lafayette and Gouverneur Morris. The portrait of Jefferson, a subtle and beautiful bit of writing, is the best thing in this rich book. There is much else, however, that serves to illumine this period. It was for me a new and revealing fact that in 1793 official England secretly helped the Dey of Algiers to capture American ships and enslave their crews.

American scholarship has always been more aware of the vivid personality of Roger Williams than our own, but this is by far the most living sketch of him that has yet appeared. In his own day his brave plea for toleration, *The Bloody Tenent of Persecution*, was far more widely read and incomparably more influential than his friend Milton's *Areopagitica*. It lacks the stately music of that noble work, nor is it inspired by the same high passion for the enduring work of the intellect. In its own way, however, it was an even braver and more logical argument for toleration, since it unflinchingly included Catholics within the fold of charity and freedom. Williams will not admit even that toleration should depend on mutual forbearance: it is for him a condition of the search for truth, obligatory even when the recipient refuses to reciprocate. Mr. Dos Passos, who passes rather lightly over this famous book, hardly realises how profoundly original it was. But Williams, though he could state a case with force and clarity and had some unusual intellectual interests, was above all a man of action. He had some training in the Common Law as secretary to Coke, a rough man whom his intimates somehow revered, and then by way of Cambridge became for a short time a Puritan clergyman within the Church of England.

Thence he moved leftwards, and was at first a Separatist and finally an anti-clerical Seeker. To save his ears and his liberty from Laud, he escaped to New England. There he refused the coveted post as minister which that colony offered him, and soon found himself at war with its persecuting theocracy. He lived as a pioneer, planted the wilderness and traded in furs. For the Indians he felt a genuine affection, which they reciprocated. He had a lifelong interest in philology and compiled the first grammar of the Algonquin languages. Two struggles absorbed him—for tolerance among the colonists and for peace and fair-dealing with the Red Skins. Williams was no pacifist, but one may doubt whether even Penn set a nobler example in his relations as neighbour and teacher, with the Indians. Boston outlawed him for his heresy of toleration: its own practice was to hang as many as four Quakers in a batch. Driven from the older colonies, he broke new ground, and with the help of his Indian friends established, on virgin soil amid woods and rivers that teemed with game and fish, his prosperous new colony of Providence in Rhode Island, where many Quakers and a few Jews found a refuge, and "the bloody tenent" never gained a footing. Williams solved, as he went along, many a problem of democracy and often in a fresh and original way. He hated slavery and found perhaps as creditable a way out of it as any reformer who came after him. His solution was to turn it into what was in effect a limited period of apprenticeship. Every slave was freed after ten years' service, and no slave could be kept above the age of twenty-four.

Two sojourns in the England of the Civil War and the Commonwealth gave variety to the story of this pioneer's life, for against the intrigues of the orthodox he had much ado to win and maintain the charter of his colony. Mr. Dos Passos makes the most of his chance to introduce us in Roger Williams' company to some of the leading figures of the day. He has grasped with sure instinctive sympathy the main political currents in this age which did more fruitful thinking in twenty years than Englishmen had attempted in all the preceding centuries. Property won: the free peasantry were slowly dispossessed, serfdom in effect restored, and a landless proletariat created for the machines of the next age. But before all this could finally happen, the Levellers waged their gallant struggle, the men of the New Model mutinied to no purpose, while Winstanley came nearer than any man before Marx's day to understanding the full meaning of landed property.

The story ends tragically enough in New England. For all Williams could do to prevent it, it came at last to savage war against the Indians, and the old man himself, now seventy years of age, had to take his place at the head of the train-bands against them to save his colony. The story of the battle he tried so hard to avoid had none the less its touch of romance. In the hour of need two of Cromwell's generals, impenitent republicans who had fled from England to avoid the gallows prescribed for regicides, emerged from their hiding places in the faded scarlet of the New Model, ordered the ranks of the colonists by the rules of military science and led them to victory. These Twin Helpers were Goffe, who used to lead the prayers of the embattled Saints before they charged, and Whalley, the one man among the "Grandees" of the army who had tried to stop the enclosure of the common fields. After that last apparition the Ironside Castor and Pollux returned to their cave, while Monk enjoyed his dukedom.

H. N. BRAILSFORD

ENGLISH ADMINISTRATIVE LAW

Concerning English Administrative Law. By SIR CECIL T. CARR. *Oxford University Press.* 11s. 6d.

Sir Cecil Carr writes literature as well as law. This volume (a reprint of lectures at Columbia University) is not less delightful than it is profound. As a discussion of its important theme, it is indispensable not only to the lawyer and the professional student, but also to anyone who wants seriously to understand the relation of the Civil Servant to Parliament and the Courts. It bears its unique learning with grace and charm; and as an exercise in the delicate art of conducting controversy it is a model it would be difficult to overpraise.

Broadly summarised, it is a fair account of Sir Cecil's book to say that he pretty completely relieves the Civil Service of the charges brought against it by Lord Hewart and his school. He shows that delegated legislation is indispensable in the era of the positive State; even that it possesses that respectable pedigree which always reconciles Englishmen to their innovations. He seems to me also pretty satisfactorily to dispose of the arguments that there is an official conspiracy both unduly to extend the power of the bureaucracy and to invade the jurisdiction of the ordinary Courts at the expense of civil liberty. He could, I think, have well gone further and argued that, on the evidence, there are important ranges of the law—that relating to workmen's compensation, for instance—in which the maintenance of judicial authority in its classic form has had tragic results for those whom the statutes were intended to benefit.

It is the habit of English lawyers to speak of our High Court, at least in public, with a courteous deference akin to the temper in which we approach the Crown. It is perhaps worth saying that the most important chapter in Sir Cecil's book is the one that a combination of this deference and official reticence forbid him to write. The problem is the reconciliation of the deeply individualist traditions of the Common Law with social needs no longer compatible with that tradition. No English lawyer has yet looked at the record of the House of Lords in the field of social legislation, say, for the last thirty years with the close scrutiny that American lawyers have given to the Supreme Court at Washington. If they did, they would find it difficult to avoid the conclusion that our canons of statutory interpretation are frequently applied as though the main function of the judges was to fight a rearguard action on behalf of *laissez-faire* capitalism. A willingness to make the Act of Parliament do what its makers intended may characterise an occasional judge, like Lord Haldane or Lord Sankey; but the more frequent type is Lord Sumner, whose social philosophy would have gratified Henry Fawcett. One of the real problems we confront—I wish we could have Sir Cecil's observations upon it—is the fact that few of our judges have any real awareness of what Mr. Justice Holmes called the "inarticulate major premises" of their thinking; and there is little in our system of legal education which attempts to make them realise that law must relate its findings to life. The easy talk of "conspiracy" and "bureaucracy triumphant," in which Lord Hewart and Mr. C. K. Allen have indulged, not only shrank into nothing at the first serious analysis, but revealed the more important fact that administrative law is well settled in the general respect of the public. Anyone who compares the record of the Minister of Health in housing appeals with that of the High Court will find it reasonable that this should be the case.

There are, however, a number of issues which the reader of Sir Cecil Carr's fascinating pages would like to see him discuss. Is it not a grave failure on the part of the Civil Service that they should have failed to persuade any Government in the last twenty years to do anything about the form of remedies against the Crown? It is ten years since the Donoughmore Committee re-

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ported; is it not time that Parliament was persuaded to take some of its major recommendations seriously? And is it really beyond the ingenuity of officials to take steps to see that, in the making of general regulations, methods are devised for safeguarding the unorganised public—railway travellers, for instance, or evacuees—at least as scrupulous as those employed in consulting the special interests affected by them? Can one not argue from the timidity of the Civil Service in facing boldly the problems of the positive State either that it is unaware of them or that it shrinks from dealing with issues which might compromise its reputation for "soundness" with the powerful and the eminent? What Sir Cecil tells us is always so illuminating that I wish he were tempted to discuss the big issue of the fitness of our Civil Service for the functions it will be called upon to perform. No one who considers its record in this war can doubt the importance of the question; and I am confident that Sir Cecil's speculations upon it would be as helpful as they would be delightful.

HAROLD J. LASKI

LADY BURTON

Sir Richard Burton's Wife. By JEAN BURTON. *Harrap.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The tragedy of an unhappy marriage requires no emphasis. A happy marriage has sometimes a pathos that is all its own. In many respects the Burtons were an exceptionally fortunate couple: but the felicity of their long and contented union rested to a very large extent on mutual misapprehension—on the fact that Isabel was never able to see through Richard but continued to regard him as a king of men: while Richard (at least so far as any record shows) preserved his first chivalrous enthusiasm for Isabel and remained blind to her more fantastic and preposterous traits. Yet the story, in spite of its implications, is not discouraging. It reveals the fixity of devotion with which one human being is capable of concentrating upon another: it illustrates the deep and lasting happiness with which such a subordination of the ego is sometimes crowned. Isabel Burton never regretted her lot. Having decided at an early age just the sort of man she intended to marry ("about six feet in height . . . not an ounce of fat on him . . . a Hercules of manly strength . . . black hair, a brown complexion, a clever forehead, sagacious eyebrows, large, black wondrous eyes . . . with long lashes") she at once recognised the embodiment of her ideal in the hard-bitten, adventurous Captain Burton with his gypsy tan, "fierce, proud, melancholy expression," his "straight Arab features" and "determined-looking mouth and chin, nearly covered by an enormous black moustache . . ." From that point, she went right ahead with admirable *sang-froid*, and, after many delays and disappointments and much flustered parental opposition, succeeded in becoming the wife of this formidable filibuster who since boyhood had been knocking around the world in and out of disguise, gaining a reputation as an explorer, investigating primitive religious and sexual cults and acquiring (to use his own words) "thirty-five languages and dialects, especially that of pornography." He had dabbled in many religions, but he belonged to none. Catholicism he described as "a terrible religion for a man of the world to live in, but a good one to die in"; whereas Isabel was a Catholic of bigoted and ancient stock. It is a tribute both to her devotion and to the powers of self-deception that their religious differences were never permitted to become a source of discord. To the end of her life, and in the face of all the evidence, Isabel continued to nurse the comforting belief that Richard had been a potential, if not an actual, convert.

Nor, at any time, does the more sinister side of Richard's personality seem to have dawned upon her. Outsiders, including his fellow men of the world, might find that swart, ferocious apparition frightening or repulsive:

> His dress and appearance (wrote Wilfred Scawen Blunt, who encountered him in Buenos Aires during 1867, at a period when Burton was drinking heavily, with the disreputable Tichborne "Claimant" as favourite boon companion) were those suggesting a released convict rather than anything of more repute. He reminded me by turns of a black leopard, caged but unforgiving, and again with his close-cut poll and iron frame of that wonderful creation of Balzac's, the ex-galérien Vautrin. He wore, habitually, a rusty black coat with a crumpled black silk stock, his throat destitute of collar, a costume which his muscular frame and immense chest made singularly and incongruously hideous, above it a countenance the most sinister I have ever seen, dark, cruel, treacherous, with eyes like a wild beast's.

Every observer commented upon Richard's eyes. Among his various outlandish talents, he was an expert hypnotist; and Isabel frequently allowed him to hypnotise her, without ill-effects, though history records an occasional tiff when he exercised his art upon other women. Yet—most curious of all—fascinated, literally and figuratively, as she was by Richard Burton, Isabel was not in any sense subdued. She remained herself energetic, talkative, wayward and extravagant. Naturally she put Richard first, but her own ego came in always a very good second. The two eccentrics flourished side by side in peace and amity: and in middle age they are said to have resembled a pair of brothers, she with her bull-terrier under her arm, he with his game-cock, as they strolled through the streets of an Austrian provincial town. Both painted their eyelids with kohl in the Arab fashion: both loved spirited horses and had a liking for big cigars. Richard dyed his greying hair a manly jet-black: Isabel towards the end of her life affected an elaborate golden wig.

Yes, together though not apart, there is something extremely endearing about the Burtons. Separate them and you have the portraits of a wrong-headed, brutal, slightly crazed adventurer, who hated and despised the native peoples among whom he had travelled and believed that the white races were justified in asserting their superiority by the indiscriminate employment of sword, gun and whip, and of a snobbish, foolish woman whose mind was stuffed with every sort of fad, folly and superstition open to the credulous. In company, however, they are an engaging pair. Isabel's worship of animals and cult of her fox-terrier bitch, Nip (which, when forbidden to bite the coachman for beating the ponies, laid its head on Lady Burton's shoulder and "went into hysterics; the tears actually ran down her cheeks") is paralleled by Burton's insatiable appetite for abstruse scraps of knowledge, mostly pornographic, the remarkable schemes with which he continually endeavoured to recoup his fortunes, his fearlessness and loudly expressed contempt for conventional moral standards. Miss Jean Burton, in her study of the explorer's wife, has had many opportunities; and it is much to her credit that, in spite of the temptations of her subject, she has not abused them. Her narrative leaves an astringent after-taste, but she refrains from the ironic or facetious approach adopted by the worst type of contemporary biographer. The book is well-documented: its style is tolerable. I can recommend *Sir Richard Burton's Wife* as the most entertaining biography I have read this year.

PETER QUENNELL

PERSUASION *versus* **PROSECUTION**

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Company Meeting

NORWICH UNION LIFE INSURANCE SOCIETY

THE 134th annual general meeting of the Norwich Union Life Insurance Society was held on May 19th at Norwich.

Mr. Ernest Hicks (the president) said that during the past year they invested over £950,000 in British Government securities, which now stood at £6,758,785, and they were continuing to invest all available moneys in this way. In addition, under their special savings bonds schemes they had bought approximately £400,000 of National War Bonds for individual policy holders. They had also invested £600,000 in Dominion and Indian Government securities.

In these days of anxiety and distress the value of life insurance to the community and the relief it could give in so many ways was even more evident than in normal times. They paid out in claims during the year £1,267,287, of which £268,625 was directly due to war deaths. In addition they had paid out £2,057,918 in maturities.

The net new business was £6,683,408, being 57 per cent. of the production of the last pre-war year of 1938. The expense ratio was 13.34 per cent. and the net rate of interest £3 7*s.* 9*d.* per cent.

There was a considerable increase in the market value of their securities. The shares of the Norwich Union Fire purchased in 1925 had always appeared at the figure of £6,088,174. At the time of purchase the total assets of the fire office were £3,700,000 and the shares carried an uncalled liability of £493,000, which had since been entirely discharged out of the profits of the fire society, and the total assets now amounted to £7,600,000. They had received through out a gross dividend of £4 6*s.* 8*d.* per cent.

The report was unanimously adopted.

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Ten signed etchings, mostly surrealist in character, including work by John Banting, John Piper, Julian Trevelyan, Roland Penrose; and four poems by Cecily Mackworth, J. L. Forsyth, J. F. Hendry and Nancy Cunard. Limited edition; proceeds to Comfort Fund for Women and Children of Soviet Russia.

Week-end Competitions

No. 642

Set by Gwen Raverat

The usual prizes are offered for a set of three composite quotations after the model of Mr. Shaw's

There's a divinity doth hedge a king,
Rough hew him how we will.

or:

Like Caesar's wife—all things to all men.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Monday, June 1st.

2. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 639

Set by George Rylands

Shakespeare in such passages as Enobarbus's description of Cleopatra meeting Antony at Cydnus followed North's Plutarch almost word for word, translating Elizabethan prose into Shakespearean blank verse. The usual prizes are offered for translations into dramatic or narrative blank verse of a passage of "ornamental prose" (e.g. Browne, de Quincey, Pater). Limit 16 lines.

Report by George Rylands

Entries were more numerous than might have been expected. Pater, de Quincey, Landor, Carlyle, Donne and Sir Thomas Browne were, of course, popular, and many competitors must have been surprised that Dickens is not the only prose writer who falls easily into the blank verse measure. More enterprising choices included Stephen Spender, the Prime Minister, Macaulay, George Augustus Sala, T. E. Lawrence, Lamb on Sarah Battle, Stevenson, *Moby Dick* and *Tom Jones*. Sam Johnson's dicta that "If blank verse be not tumid and gorgeous it is crippled prose," and "Blank verse will, I fear, be too often found in description exuberant, in argument loquacious, and in narration tiresome," proved all too true. Moreover, it would seem that the literary ear to-day is still more attuned to the facility of Tennyson, the garrulity of Browning and the monotony of *Aurora Leigh* than to the virtuosity of our two great masters in this kind, the later Shakespeare and John Milton. Even Browning was not exploited and one hankered after the brimming tide of Shelley or the extreme "resolution" of Eliot's *Family Reunion*. In short, all the experiments had much the same taste and much the same ring. Landor tells us that "Good prose, to say nothing of the original thought it conveys, may be infinitely varied in modulation. It is only an extension of metres, an amplification of harmonies, of which even the best and most varied poetry admits but a few." That modulation and amplification, which are the secret of Sir Thomas Browne and the golden age of the English Pulpit, disappeared—as they did with Landor himself and even Pater—nor was anything found in word or phrase or number to take their place. Instead of transfiguration, the spirit went out like a candle and we were left darkling. It is significant that no one tried to tackle the Authorised Version. Milton failed when he came too near to the Book of Genesis. F. C. C. and F. M. C. each contributed an attractive version of Ruskin on the Effigy of Ilaria di Caretto, but these were in rhyme which solves the problem by cutting the knot or rather tying it. I commend G. de Vavasour for a Milton, a Bacon, a de Quincey and a Donne; Willy Tadpole and Allan Laing deserve mention; but first prize goes to Pibwob, who sets Queen Elizabeth's speech at Tilbury, 1588, commenting: "This has the embarrassment of being 'too easy.' Even before Marlowe fingered *Tamburlaine* and Shakespeare started his cobbling phase had the Elizabethan tongue naturalised blank verse?" The truth is that blank verse *is* "speech form." Shakespeare's Cydnus passage speaks: it is the same as North but different. North is good, Shakespeare is better. The blank verse of competitors watered down the originals by reducing the rhythms. It should condense and ferment. A second best may succeed by avoiding almost any modification or change; and, consequently, James Reeves almost wins second prize with a piece of Blake which even gains slightly in transposition. Hesitatingly, however, I chose one of G. de Vavasour's four creditable entries.

FIRST PRIZE
QUEEN ELIZABETH AT TILBURY, 1588

I know I have
The body of a weak and feeble woman,
But I have the heart and stomach of a king,
And a king of England, too, and think foul scorn
That Parma or Spain or any prince of Europe
Shall dare to invade the borders of my realm,
Our England; hence, rather than there shall grow
By me any dishonour, I myself
Will take up arms, and I myself will be
Your general, the judge and the rewarder
Of every one of your virtues in the field.
I know by your forwardness you have deserved
Rewards and crowns, and here we do assure you
In the word of a prince they shall be duly paid you.

PIBWOB

SECOND PRIZE
DE QUINCEY DREAMS

Tormented dreams! I stood for endless time
On a pagoda, or in secret rooms
Where I had run for sanctuary: idol and priest,
I worshipped and was sacrificed. In fear
I fled through Asia's jungles, Brahma's wrath,
And Vishnu's hatred: Siva lay in wait.
I came on Isis and the flaming god
Osiris: *I had done a deed*, they said,
At which the ibis and the crocodile
Trembled.
A thousand centuries I lived
In a stone coffin, in a pyramid,
With mummy and sphinx, immured in narrow vault.
Or ooze-bound, I endured the cancerous kiss
Of crocodiles; and lay with things obscene,
Abortions, monsters, shapes unutterable,
Among the reeds and thick Nilotic mud.
—(P. 854, *Nonesuch de Quincey*.)

G. DE VAVASOUR

RUNNER-UP
BLANK VERSE VERSION OF A PROSE PASSAGE OF BLAKE

(Nonesuch edition, p. 44.)

O Truth, that shinest with propitious beams,
Turning our earthly night to heavenly day,
From presence of the Almighty Father! thou
Visit'st our darkling world with blessed feet,
Bringing good news of sin and death destroyed!
O white-robed Angel, guide my timorous hand
As on a rock with iron pen to write
The words of truth, that all who pass may read.
Now swarthy night, noon-tide of damnèd spirits,
Over the silent earth spreads her pavilion,
While in dark council sat Philista's lords;
And where strength failed, black thoughts in ambush lay.
Their helmèd youth and aged warriors
In dust together lie, and desolation
Over the land of Israel spreads his wings.

JAMES REEVES

Company Meeting

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES

FACTORIES AT FULL CAPACITY

THE fifteenth ordinary general meeting of Imperial Chemical Industries, Limited, will be held on 28th May in London.

In a statement circulated with the report and accounts, the chairman (the Rt. Hon. Lord McGowan, K.B.E., D.C.L., LL.D.) writes:—

As a result of the pressure of the war for more production, our factories have worked to capacity throughout the year. The performance of the various plants, maintained at a high level, testifies to the excellence of the equipment, the standard of maintenance which it is our practice to keep, and the technical control. The volume of output to meet demands has for a number of products touched new peaks.

We have continued our basic price policy. It is to approach every case with a reluctance to advance the price and not move unless we are convinced of the need for a change, by the emergence of factors which are likely to be permanent, or unless a change is called for by the general symmetry of the price structure for related products. Where the expansion of demand and growth of efficiency have made it possible, we have made price reductions, notwithstanding all the conditions of war.

When we look back on the numerous and growing difficulties with which our efforts to promote our export trade have been surrounded, we are surprised by the degree in which volume has been maintained.

PROGRESS OF SUBSIDIARIES.

Our main manufacturing subsidiary or associated companies in the British Empire—Imperial Chemical Industries of Australia and New Zealand, Canadian Industries, and African Explosives and Industries—have continued their successful progress. Within the limitations of shipping, exchange resources and locally available materials, they have continued to expand their own activities, which, like ours, have grown with the intensity of the war effort. The unprovoked attack by Japan upon the United States and the embroilment of the whole of the Far East by the declaration of war on the United Nations, has vitally affected our companies in Japan, China and Malaya. We had, however, not been unmindful of the risks of carrying on business in these areas, and had from time to time in preceding years made ample provision against contingent losses in the territories now occupied by the enemy in the Far East.

The total gross income shown in the Consolidated Income Statement is £19,956,000, compared with £19,016,000 for 1940. This increase of £940,000 is largely to be ascribed to the expansion of our activities. The net consolidated income, however, has declined from £6,576,000 to £6,243,000, a fall of £333,000. Once again the conversion of an increase of £940,000 in gross income into a reduction of £333,000 in net income is due to taxation. The net burden from this cause to be borne by the company, and its subsidiaries, after allowing for income tax recoverable from dividends to stockholders, is £8,762,000, compared with £7,385,000 last year.

Our interests are indissolubly tied up with those of the nation, and we have special responsibilities by reason of the magnitude of our interests, the national needs for the products we make, and their vital importance in war. We shall endeavour fully to discharge them.

Company Meeting

ALLIANCE ASSURANCE COMPANY

Mr. R. D. Trotter's Review

THE annual general court of the Alliance Assurance Co., Ltd., will be held in London on May 27.

The following are extracts from a review of the Company's operations by the Chairman (Mr. R. D. Trotter) circulated with the report and accounts:—

The net new business completed during the year in the life department amounted to £1,118,485. The claims experience was satisfactory. The claims by death were only £573,104, and this figure included £50,496 for war claims, as against £826,027 in 1940. At the close of the year the Alliance life and annuity funds amounted to £23,141,164, an increase of £318,429 for the year.

The net premiums in the fire department amounted to £2,129,372. The claims experience was considerably more satisfactory than in 1940, and after having put by £25,000 for bad and doubtful debts after adjustment of reserves for unexpired risks and the inclusion of interest (less tax) amounting to £95,595, there is a balance of £529,552 carried to profit and loss account. A very satisfactory year's result in these difficult times.

In the accident department there was a net increase in premium income of £22,573, the comparative figures being £1,227,778 in 1941, as against £1,205,205 in 1940.

Our motor account shows a good profit. The premium income is lower than in 1940. This is not to be wondered at in view of the shortage of petrol and the laying up of cars. The profit of the department, viz. £198,867, which includes interest of £43,509, has been transferred to profit and loss account, and is slightly in excess of the amount transferred in the previous year's account.

The marine underwriting account for 1939 has been closed with the very satisfactory balance of £143,348, which is £59,514 higher than the balance of the 1938 account. The surplus, after setting aside £9,168 for further claims in respect of 1939, is £134,180 which, together with interest (less tax) on the marine fund—viz. £28,820—making a total of £163,000, has been carried to profit and loss. An exceptionally good result and one we can hardly hope to repeat next year.

In the trustee department the funds now being administered total approximately £16,000,000 (excluding debenture trusteeships and the like).

I am glad to report a considerable recovery in the market value of our stock ex securities.

As was to be expected, the rate of interest earned on the Company's funds has suffered further from the requisitioning of relatively high-yielding securities and the investment of the major part of the proceeds, as well as all new money, in the Government War Loans. The total subscriptions to such loans by the "Alliance" group of companies during 1941 amounted to over £1,000,000.